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The Week

NINE weeks before the Chicago Convention this was the prediction of Warren G. Harding's campaign manager: "At the proper time after the Republican National Convention meets, some fifteen men, bleary-eyed with loss of sleep and perspiring profusely with the excessive heat, will sit down in seclusion around a big table. I will be with them and will present the name of Senator Harding to them, and before we get through they will put him over." Harding's manager was not sitting at the big table. He lost out, as a delegate, when Harding barely carried his own state. But his prophecy called the turn. From some fifteen men, sitting in seclusion around a big table, Harding won his nomination. Because neither in this campaign nor at any other time in his life has he done anything positive enough to cause offense, Harding was picked from the discard by the men who know how to run conventions. The moral seems to be that the man who does worst in the primaries is considered safest for the nomination.

FAIRNESS requires that critics of the Republican candidate bring to the front two issues in which Senator Harding has differed from the majority opinion of his Republican colleagues—and, in our judgment, differed wisely. In the first place he was quick to disapprove of the methods by which five Socialist members were ousted from the New York assembly. He was, in fact, the first prominent Republican Presidential candidate to take such a stand. In the second place, he has expressed certain views about Russia wiser than those held by most of his colleagues. Interviewed by Bruce Bliven, of the New York Globe, on March 6th, Mr. Harding said: "It is no business of ours what form of government the Russian people choose. They have a perfect right to indulge in any folly they see fit, and the mistake of the Allies in invading that unhappy country is one of the most serious blunders the present generation of statesmen ever made." That is a clear statement. But it is only one paragraph in an interview. Mr. Harding has never taken the lead toward such a policy, in the Senate. We doubt whether he would, in the White House, if he thought "the regulars" disapproved.

FROM our own point of view we discuss, on other pages of this issue, the course the Republicans have marked out for themselves in respect to domestic issues and the League of Nations. There is one plank not included in those discussions, and that is the plank which deals with Mexico. It is a much more gentle declaration than the sort which has lately come from the Mexican specialists of the Republican party. Senator Fall, no doubt, carried to Chicago the program adopted by a Republican sub-committee in the Senate, a few weeks before the convention met: a threat to the Mexicans to revise their constitution so as to satisfy American oil interests, or else pay the penalty of an American invasion. He came away with nothing more belligerent than a warning that our policy would be "consistent, firm and effective"—with recognition

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withheld from any government that did not guarantee us "enjoyment of property in connection with an established international law and our treaty rights." In its Mexican policy the Republican convention was apparently not to be stampeded.

SAMUEL GOMPERS, leaving Chicago and hurrying back to the A. F. of L. convention in Montreal, announced that the labor plank adopted by the Republicans was "directly contrary to what labor asked for." The Chicago convention, asserted Mr. Gompers, had "turned its back on labor" and adopted a platform "defiant in its defense of the enemies of labor and calculated to secure for them fresh advantages and greater privileges." Immediately the A. F. of L. convention made Mr. Gompers's declarations its own—and condemned the platform adopted in Chicago as one "proposing an industrial enslavement." Mr. Gompers now goes, by instruction of his Federation, to submit the same set of labor planks to the convention in San Francisco. Suppose he has ill luck again? Will the Gompers plan of nonpartisan political action be thrown over for something more lively? To a reporter in Chicago Mr. Gompers declared, "You may say that the American Federation of Labor does not change its attitude on questions once it has taken a stand."

PARTLY as a result of the presence of Mr. Gompers in Chicago the A. F. of L. convention is slow in getting started. A few contentious issues are apparently to be fought out on the floor. Delegates from the Pacific Coast Metal Trades Council have announced that they will renew the fight begun last year at Atlantic City to obtain unqualified support of the Plumb plan. That will bring the conservatives to their feet. A second issue certain to start a controversy is the dispute between the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers and the National Committee for Organizing Iron and Steel Workers. The Amalgamated, a conservative union, has withdrawn from the National Committee. Its leaders want to go their own way. This issue, like the Plumb plan, strikes the old line captains as a threat against the power they have managed to wield uninterruptedly.

ONE issue which has already come upon the floor of the A. F. of L. convention is the question whether union labor shall recognize a "color line." The convention rejected the recommendation of its Organization Committee, which held that the Federation had no power to interfere with the constitution of an affiliated union. The union in question was the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks. The Brotherhood declared that it was taking care of the Negro question, and asked the convention to leave the matter in its hands for proper disposition. The convention refused. Instead it adopted a resolution requesting the Brotherhood to give Negro freight handlers and station employees full membership in its ranks and eliminate from its constitution the words "white only." The A. F. of L. will have more trouble with the question of the Negro worker—but the action taken at Montreal does it credit.

IN a statement issued a week or so after his debate with Governor Allen, Mr. Gompers answers a question concerning the right to strike which he ignored in the joint debate at Carnegie Hall. "The public has no rights," he says definitely, "which are superior to the toiler's right to live and to defend himself against oppression." The strike is a costly weapon, but "the State can offer no substitute." Into his statement Mr. Gompers admits a single ray of hope: "When industry ceases to be operated for profit alone, then there will be time to relax that eternal militant vigilance which has saved the workers from the abyss and given them a position of power and intelligence fitting to our Republic and our time." That is an interesting observation. Mr. Gompers would clear a lot of people's minds if he went on to define what he means by the phrase, "When industry ceases to be operated for profit alone."

"THE general impression created in Paris by the German elections," says a cable to the New York Times, "is that Germany voted not to live up to the Peace Treaty." The Social Democrats lost more than 50 seats, and the majority of the coalition government may have gone glimmering. Except in the city of Chemnitz the Communists made a poor showing—polling, in the country as a whole, less than 2 per cent of the votes. The Independent Socialists, however, more radical than the government, made a better showing—with a gain of 58 seats in the Reichstag. And on the other extreme the reactionary Nationalists increased their representation from 42 to 65. The parties that lost ground were the parties accused at home of trying to live up to the Treaty. The opponents of the Treaty gained.

LATE returns may give the German Coalition government a majority, but it will scarcely be enough of a majority to enable the three parties to go on long in the role of a government. The Müller cabinet, in fact, has already handed its resignation to President Ebert, but has been requested by him to remain in office provisionally. Meantime

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the Social Democrats are being urged to form new combinations and coalitions. Scheidemann wants a partnership of the Majority Socialists and the Independents. Other leaders want a coalition with the Right—represented in this case by the People's Party. There are difficulties in the way of either course; and from this distance Germany seems destined for more confusion and disorder. The possibility of that turn of events seems to have attracted the attention of some members of the governing class in France. "The result of the German elections," Mr. Duranty informs the Times, "will probably have the rather unexpected effect of changing the French attitude toward the German government. The French now are realizing, when it may be too late, that this is really the only party in Germany that has shown any sign of wishing or trying to carry out the Treaty."

THE United States was asked whether it desired to be represented in the negotiations now pending between the Allied ministers and the Russian trade envoys, but to this inquiry made no reply. That is Lloyd George's statement before the House of Commons. Mr. George is reticent about reporting what has happened in the conferences, but he vigorously defends his course in opening negotiations. The world, he says, has need of the supplies Russia can furnish; these supplies may, indeed, not be immediately available—but that is no argument against opening trade. Nor does the early record of the Red Terror constitute such an argument. "It is a new doctrine," declares Lloyd George, "that you must approve the habits and customs of any government before trading." And he reminds his audience that England traded with Turkey, though Abdul Hamid's atrocities were "worse than Soviet Russia's"—and that England, in fact, has opened up "most of the cannibal trade of the world."

LLOYD GEORGE did not need to go so far afield for his illustrations. England trades with Powers whose colonial administrations have not been free of "atrocities"; and the British government has had no reluctance about sanctioning trade with the regime in Hungary which has instituted a White Terror comparable to the Red. What confronts Mr. George today is not only an hysteria which he helped manufacture and now finds harrassing, but the really determined opposition of the French to what he proposes doing. Mr. James cables to the New York Times that the French Foreign Office "is about to serve upon the British government a formal request for the sequestration of all gold which has been or may be shipped by the Soviets to London." On that gold the French have relied for an ultimate redemption of the Tsar's bonds. Besides, the French are mortally afraid of the contagion to which they believe even trade with Russia might expose their country. Mr. George cites the cannibals. He overlooks the fact that the cannibals were not socialists.

SOVIET troops are counter-attacking against the Poles at Kiev. But the report of the British labor delegation which visited Moscow does not picture Russia with reserve strength sufficient for the invasion of Poland which has long been threatened in the newspapers. The British delegates did not find atrocities in Soviet Russia. Instead they found misery. "There is no terror in Russia except hunger," asserts one member of the delegation, "and that is a very real terror in the cities." The terror is over, though the war with Poland serves as excuse for the continuation of a rigid espionage. That war, in one way, is an asset. For the British delegation found that it rallies all parties to the support of the Soviet government. Nevertheless, "the physical and material condition is so bad they did not attempt to conceal it." Medical supplies are still withheld by the Allied Powers, though Russia has had "a million cases of typhus and scores of thousands of malaria and smallpox cases, with no medicines." Lift the blockade, demand the British delegates, as much in the interest of European civilization as of friendless Russia herself.

AN Associated Press dispatch from Warsaw reports that within a few days Poland will send a peace note to the Soviet government of Russia. This move would promise more towards peace in Eastern Europe if we were also informed that the present note was an improvement on the last one. Poland has been ready to quit before, but only on terms that gave her the frontiers she held one hundred and forty-eight years ago, frontiers which would consign to Polish rule wide tracts in which Poles are far in the minority. It is possible that Polish statesmen are getting ready to blue-pencil their most extravagant demands. For three weeks the advance into Russia has made little headway. And the resignation of Premier Skulski and his cabinet, on Friday, may be a sign of domestic trouble. There is always the danger that Poland's government will pay the penalty for neglecting reconstruction and specializing on war.

FOR a second time within a month Francesco Nitti has resigned as Premier of Italy, and the reasons for this resignation are even more obscure than those which prompted him to resign in May. Apparently the Socialists made a rise in the price of bread the occasion for a demonstration of their

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hostility. The Catholics, because their constituents number many peasants, were obliged to join the Socialist opposition. Other parties followed suit, and Nitti—with only the Popular party to rely upon—did not even demand the formality of a vote before offering his resignation. Never since he first came into power after the elections has Nitti had a secure parliamentary position. He yields now to Giolitti, who faces a no less hazardous future. On the occasion of Nitti's first resignation, the reactionary wing of the French press rejoiced. Nitti had been a friend of reconciliation in Europe and, therefore, they judged, an enemy of France. Now Nitti gives way to a man known as a partisan of Germany, in the first years of the war.

FIVE cabinets out of office in a single week testifies what little stability the Peace of Versailles has brought to Europe. For in addition to the cabinet resignations in Italy, Poland and Germany (the last not yet accepted), the same week marked the surrender of the cabinets which have been trying to govern Austria and Hungary. In Austria the break came unexpectedly over a decree of the Minister of War in respect to army discipline; but apparently the Left has been ready for some time to seize the first good pretext to force a crisis. In Hungary, the cabinet that resigned was by all odds the worst of the lot. It has put no check-rein on the army officers and the royalist retainers who for months have carried on a White Terror. A new government in Hungary may make a gesture toward restoring law and order. Even if its intentions are genuine for a long time it will find more than its match in the cliques which really govern Hungary today.

Harding

THE nomination of Warren G. Harding as the Republican candidate for the President of the United States is under the circumstances nothing short of a calamity. Every intelligent voter knows that the government during the next four years will have to deal with a group of political and economic problems of altogether exceptional stubbornness and difficulty. Only once before in the history of the nation, that is, in the years immediately preceding the election of Washington, has the American people been confronted with the necessity for an equally grave and complicated group of decisions. In reaching these decisions the next President must for good or for ill play the leading part. The government and public opinion can obtain leadership from no other source. Yet the Republican party has selected this critical moment to nominate as its Presidential candidate a party hack, without independence of judgment, without strength of character, without administrative experience, without knowledge of international politics, without any of those moral and intellectual qualities which would qualify him even under ordinary conditions for statesmanlike leadership.

Senator Harding has lived for politics and for nothing else. He is a pure product of the period when the machine was at the height of its power and when it was able to give orders and to get them obeyed. To understand what he is we have to forget all that has happened since Theodore Roosevelt became President and go back to the days of McKinley and Hanna. Not that Mr. Harding was a political associate and friend of Mark Hanna. On the contrary, he was the henchman of a much less worthy and useful Republican leader—the late Joseph B. Foraker, who was obliged to retire from politics because he accepted money from the Standard Oil Company. But it is of little importance now whether Harding took orders from Hanna or from Foraker. The point is that he is a man whose political habit and business it is to take orders. Like so many politicians he is a person of amiable and attractive personal qualities. His chief political gift consists in the ability to deliver a conventionally effective speech. He is more of a spell-binder than he is a manipulator. But also like all good machine politicians he is intellectually and morally a rubber-stamp. He has never stood for any idea or principle in politics except of obedience to the party organization, and to add a touch of irony to the calamitous result he is nominated at a moment when the party organization no longer knows its own mind and cannot give anything but confused and contradictory orders.

The inference to be drawn from this amazing and sinister action of the Republican party is plain. It has ceased to be an organ of government on which the American people have reason to depend for the enlightened conduct of their political affairs. By virtue of nominating Harding as well as by virtue of its platform it has confessed to bankruptcy. It has confessed to an utter lack of convictions, enthusiasms and ideas; to a preference for cheap expediencies and phrases rather than for principles and their courageous and realistic application. It can no longer claim to be a national party in the sense of being a party which represents a binding national constructive policy. It has become a huge, unwieldy and demoralized faction whose only object is to get possession of the government and which, when it succeeds, will not know what to do with its power. Under the circum-

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stances it may win the election. The politicians would not have nominated Harding unless they believed themselves certain of success. But once in possession of the coveted power, they are under the circumstances bound to fall under the influence of strong and assertive special interests. Mr. Harding, like Mr. Taft, will find himself surrounded by men who know what they want. He and his party leaders will not possess any bond or body of conviction which will prevent them from yielding to a dictatorship of the vested interests such as that which always flourishes under government by a political or congressional machine.

In short, the Republican party while cheering the name of Roosevelt has finally repudiated his work root and branch. It has reverted to the condition from which its progressive members have labored and fought for so long to emancipate it. Senator Harding represents precisely and completely the standards, the methods and the ideas which prevailed at the time of Roosevelt's accession to the Presidency, and which at that time were rather more defensible than they are today. The progressive agitation of the last twenty years within the Republican party has ended in a flat failure. The leaders of the machine have dared to say to the progressive members of the party: "You are negligible. We do not care how little you like what we have done. You are bound to support our candidate at the present election, and if you support him you are bound to pretend to like the medicine in the hope, possibly, that we will recognize you in the distribution of the offices. We have you nailed to the cross of party loyalty and no matter how you sweat and wriggle there you will stick for as long as we need you. You have nowhere else to go." And the machine leaders are right. They have beaten their progressive Republican associates, and if they did not deserve to win the progressive Republicans certainly did deserve to lose. They had ceased to cherish any genuine integrity of conviction. They divided their support among three candidates as different one from another in outlook as Wood, Johnson and Hoover. No wonder they failed. The triumph of the machine is traceable not to its own strength but to the dissension among its opponents—to the plain fact that progressive Republicanism has ceased to have any unequivocal meaning.

Its last chance of obtaining any meaning during the present campaign disappeared when Herbert Hoover abandoned his early attitude of non-partisanship and threw over his Democratic and independent supporters. Those independents who were interested in Mr. Hoover's candidacy regarded it as the most hopeful means of preventing the nomination of a Republican reactionary such as Harding. For Mr. Hoover alone among Republicans was in a position to play it both ways and to take advantage of the prevailing lack of confidence in the politicians. Unlike Wood or Johnson he could swing his strength to the Democrats in case the Republican machine took the bit in its teeth. As a Democratic nominee he would have made a formidable opponent for a Republican candidate such as Harding, and this fact might have prevented Harding's nomination. But Mr. Hoover preferred to forego his independence and to tie himself to the Republican party in the illusive hope of thereby exercising more influence on the Republican nomination and platform. Instead of that he has exercised much less. Now that the Republicans have nominated a machine candidate on a platform with most of whose planks Mr. Hoover must profoundly disagree, he is forbidden by predeclared allegiance to the Republican party from effectively protesting against the result. The incident is simply a final proof of the incompatibility of being Republican and progressive or liberal. The Republican party has deliberately renounced the tendency to progressivism with which it started on its career. It has left Republicans who prefer progressivism to Republicanism no alternative but to get out of the party. It has vindicated the action of those Republicans who renounced their allegiance on the day Taft was nominated and who have never seen any sufficient reason for renewing it.

The Republican Platform

FOR seven years it has been the privilege of the Republicans to stand back and observe how their opponents manage or mismanage the affairs of the nation. They have had time for thinking; and the events of the last six years have offered them material to think over. Almost every political problem, national or international, has assumed a new aspect in consequence of the war. A new energy, an increased capacity for readjustment, are required of any political party which is to gain power, or, having gained it, is to exercise it so successfully as to retain it long. Sixty years ago the Republican party developed the energy and capacity justly entitling it to the control of the nation. In 1912 the progressive branch emerged with a stock of ideas that would have given the party a new lease of life had it not been for the suicidal stupidity of the machine. The sabotageurs of 1912 are older and weaker; the influence of the men who were young enough to learn should have

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increased correspondingly. Accordingly we had a right to expect evidence of valid political ideas, of awareness to present and prospective conditions, in the platform of 1920. We do not find them.

Glance at the platform treatment of international relations. We are not here considering the question of the League, nor that of preparation for peace or war, for these questions have been so much mouthed over in partisan controversy that it would perhaps have been unreasonable to expect clean doctrine. We are considering only the international problems that will press upon us in the next four years whether we join the League or not. What attitude shall America take in the matter of European reconstruction? Shall we employ the power of American finance, consciously, to hasten the day of European economic recovery, or shall we check even the spontaneous impulse of private capital toward the work of reconstruction? No one can say that European recovery is not an American concern. The European nations owe the American nation ten billions, accumulating interest, and the handling of such an endowment as that should not be undertaken negligently. But if the Republicans assembled in Chicago thought of such matters at all, they kept their thought discreetly out of their platform.

Since the Republicans were last in power American foreign trade has undergone a radical change. America no longer figures chiefly as a capacious market for foreign goods, but as a voluminous producer for foreign markets. When the tide of manufactures flowed in our direction our commercial policy quite naturally oscillated between protection and free trade. The tide is now flowing in the other direction, and the problem of our commercial policy is to open foreign markets, to finance exports and procure raw materials. What have the Republicans to say on this point? Nothing. They recognize frankly enough that there is no immediate need of higher protection, but declare their readiness to apply it when the need arises. They mean to keep the cradle handy though the child has grown up.

What do the Republicans have to say on the matter of the high cost of living? They set out with an explanation of it that is only a half truth or less: "a fifty per cent depreciation in the purchasing power of the dollar, due to a gross expansion of our currency and credit." It may be plausibly argued that high prices are due to expansion of credit and currency. But high prices are mainly a world problem, not a national problem. When every nation with which we had dealings was kiting prices, what chance was there that our own prices could have remained at the old level? Wisely, the Republicans assure us that there is no short way out. They promise to do what they can by "courageous and intelligent deflation of overexpanded credits, by encouragement of heightened production of goods and services, by prevention of unreasonable profits, by exercise of public economy and stimulation of private thrift and by revision of war imposed taxes unsuited to peace time economy." How are they going to heighten production while deflating credit, which means denying credit to producers who need it? How are they going to stimulate private thrift? How will they prevent unreasonable profits? When the Lever act lapses, as it must on the formal restoration of peace, the only constitutional powers Congress can exercise over profiteering are such as may be derived from the Interstate Commerce clause and the taxation clause. It is an ingenious mind that can find any practical method of control of profiteering under the Interstate Commerce clause. As for controlling profiteering through taxation, that is the last thing the Republicans have in mind. What does "revision of war imposed taxes unsuited to peace time economy" mean but the repeal of the excess profits tax? If it had been intended to get rid of the taxes on transportation, for example, it would have been explicitly stated. It was safe to state such a determination explicitly.

No penetrating gift of prophecy is required to foresee that in the course of the next four years the problem of industrial relations will at one time or another assume surpassing importance. No matter how sagacious the next administration may be, we are bound to encounter a time of stress, when the machinery of production slows down and the unemployment evil emerges to aggravate the evils of living costs falling too slowly. There will inevitably be periods of grave industrial unrest. The Republicans were very sure of one thing: no strikes against the government will be tolerated. The rights and interests of government employees, however, "must be safeguarded by impartial laws and tribunals." What kind of laws are these to be: laws permitting government employees to organize and to present their claims through representatives of their own choosing, or the old kind of impartial laws that know nothing of collective interest and collective bargaining? And what are those impartial tribunals to be? Will they admit of employee representation? It would have been easy to specify; but the Republicans did not seize the opportunity of doing so.

As to public utilities, the framers of the platform escaped committing themselves by the use of a distinction evolved by President Wilson in his attempt to reconcile American isolation with the League.

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An impartial tribunal is to investigate and render a decision "to be morally, but not legally, binding." In private industry the platform rejects compulsory arbitration but favors impartial commissions for voluntary mediation, conciliation and arbitration. So far, good. As for the deeper lying industrial forces, the kind of forces that make for efficiency or inefficiency, the Republicans in convention had apparently never heard of them. The one place where cognizance is taken of any labor demand going beyond the matter of wages appears in the discussion of railroads, where opposition is expressed to "employee operation." That is no doubt what the framers of the platform conceive the Plumb plan to be.

National finance is handled in the platform in the approved conservative manner. It is recognized that there is no early prospect of tax reduction, in view of the needs for revenue for the meeting of accruing obligations. Happily, there is no talk of postponing the payment of the debt; the Republican party commits itself to extinguishing the floating indebtedness of $3,000,000,000 and to paying off the five billions of bonds maturing in 1923. But while the yield of taxes must not be reduced "the character of the taxes can and should be changed." We should have tax-laws which do not "excessively mulct the consumer or needlessly repress enterprise and thrift." It is a pity the convention did not see fit to cite an example or two of the kind of taxes that would meet the requirements.

One point in which the platform exhibits a trace of statecraft is in the immigration plank. It sets out with the premise that the standard of living of the American workingman is not to be degraded by excessive immigration. So far as can be done within this limitation, immigrants are to be admitted not in excess of the numbers that can be assimilated with reasonable rapidity. It is urged that provision be made for "the guidance, protection and better economic distribution of our alien population." There are no hysterical suggestions for making more difficult the road to naturalization. The reasonable proposal is made that married women of alien origin should be independently naturalized, and that an American woman, though married to an alien, should retain her citizenship. As for free speech and alien agitation, the platform stands for constitutional rights unimpaired, "but no man may advocate resistance to the law, and no man may advocate violent overthrow of government." Aliens are not "entitled of right to liberty of agitation directed against the governmetn or American institutions." Every government has the right to deport aliens who "constitute a real menace to its peaceful existence." But "in view of the vigorous malpractice of the Department of Justice and Labor" they should be assured "an adequate public hearing before a competent administrative tribunal." Why not an appeal to the courts, where justice is more or less out of reach of an autocrat like Palmer?

The Republican platform recognizes the need of encouraging agriculture, but the measures by which it proposes to realize this end are too trivial to comment on. It urges conservation, in terms that mean nothing. It recognizes the utility of reclamation, but has no concrete plan to offer. It reminds the ex-service men that the party has been very good to veterans throughout its history, and dodges the question of the bonus. As for what the party intends to do in the matter of military and naval preparations, the voter may inquire of the platform in vain. After all, is he not expected to take the Republicans for their beaux yeux?

Is that the explanation of the general feebleness and colorlessness of the platform? The Republicans have espoused the belief that they can win with any candidate; their choice of candidate proves how secure they are in that belief. Why should we not impute the character of the platform to the same belief? We might, if the platform were viciously reactionary, or exhibited any kind of strength, however perverse. It does not. It is the product of a party impulse enfeebled by age, moribund. The Republicans may get the offices, thanks to the temporary unpopularity of the Democrats. But the future is not theirs, unless they can be born again.

The Republicans and the League

CERTAINLY the planks on League and Treaty adopted by the Republicans in Chicago represent a straddle. There were mild reservationists, strong reservationists, irreconcilables and partisans of a League sweltering in the heat of the Coliseum, and all represented constituents with votes to cast. Ringing its clearest in the choice of Harding for President, the dominant note at Chicago was Alienate Nobody. That, obviously, was the ambition of the men who stayed awake two nights to work over the League and Treaty planks. A little something for everybody they were determined to supply. And to an apparently unexpected degree they succeeded.

The League plank of the Republican platform begins with a declaration that the party "stands for agreement among the nations to preserve the peace of the world." That is general enough to

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satisfy anyone. But the platform straightway goes on to propose the creation of "an international association" for the preservation of that peace. In our judgment what is most significant, at this point, is not the fact that the Republicans have come out for "an international association"—for a majority of the party leaders have repeatedly declared themselves in favor of "some sort of" League—but rather the foundation upon which they assert their association must be founded.

It must, they say, "be based upon international justice"—and they imply, thereby, that this groundwork of international justice is something the present League of Nations does not possess. Two paragraphs later the Republicans speak more definitely of their belief that the present League is certain to "produce the injustice, hostility and controversy among nations which it proposed to prevent."

There is no bill of particulars—and that is a great weakness. The inference is, however, that "injustice, hostility and controversy" are to be the result of guaranteeing, through the agency of the League, such indefensible sections of the Treaty as that one ceding Shantung to Japan. The Republican party would have been on sounder ground had its platform-makers been willing to say just what they meant. But vague though its provisions are, the platform nevertheless predicates the desirability of its "international association" upon the justice of the settlement on which that association rests.

This is a relationship to which neither party in the Senate has attached sufficient importance in the past. The official Democrats have regarded the League either as a thing isolated from the Treaty, or else something bound inevitably—by virtue of their own high aspirations for it—to exercise a wholesome effect upon that document. They have never been alive to the danger that it might become a mere agency for the fulfillment of the Treaty, a twentieth century Holy Alliance. How real a danger that is, a variety of circumstances testify. Japan, to take a single instance, is now trying to force China into "negotiations" about Shantung—though Mr. Wilson let the world understand semi-officially that Japan wished only the honor of having Shantung pass formally through her hands on its way back to China—and that she would immediately effect a complete transfer of her rights and privileges. Instead of that come "negotiations." And meantime that part of the world which subscribed to the Covenant remains bound, either morally or legally, as you interpret Article X, to uphold Japan's occupancy of Shantung until it pleases that nation to move out. To be sure, a situation threatening to the peace of the world can be called to the "attention" of the League. But one vote in the Council of the League can quash revision of the Treaty—and one vote belongs to Japan.

Meantime the official Republicans in the Senate have pursued a policy which seems to us similarly inconsistent with the facts before them. In one breath the Republicans have denounced imperialism in the Treaty (as in the case of Shantung); in the next they have asserted that never would there have been any delay about ratification had Mr. Wilson let the Allies write their own peace, and brought back from Paris a Treaty separate from the League.

Like the official Democrats, the official Republicans have been ready to build their international organization upon foundations laid by someone else. For the Democrats these foundations have been the terms of the Versailles Treaty. For the Republicans, the terms of "an Allied peace." The two foundations are not greatly different, despite their different names. For the Versailles Treaty *was* "an Allied peace"—except, perhaps, for Fiume and for something more for France on the left bank of the Rhine. The essential fact is that neither of these foundations, whatever name is given to them, is fashioned to uphold a democratic League. The Republicans, when they now point out that "international justice" in the terms of the peace is indispensable to the permanency of the League itself, are seizing a real point even though their grasp of it is reflected only in the vaguest terms.

On the basis of "international justice," then, the Republican platform proposes the creation of a world league which "must provide methods which shall maintain the rule of public right by development of law and the decision of impartial courts, and which shall secure instant and general international conference whenever peace shall be threatened by political action, so that the nations pledged to do, and insist upon, what is just and fair may exercise their influence and power for the prevention of war." Against this project various objections can be raised, but certainly not the objection that it shuts America off from the world in isolation.

There is a wide gap between the drawing of plans and their translation into reality; but on paper at least the Republican plank actually proposes to take America so far out of isolation as to divert the country's "power" against international breakers of the law.

If the Republican platform stopped here, Mr. Harding and the Secretary of State, who will work

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with him in the event of Republican victory, would have a clear mandate from their party. The course marked out for them would demand that after their accession to power they summon a new conference of the nations to build "an international association . . . based upon international justice." If they took their task conscientiously it would be their first obligation to propose the re-writing of the Treaty of Versailles, to the end that "international justice" be accorded a more genuine charter. For such a new conference, with a re-writing of the Treaty as one of its objectives, there has never been any organized major political support in this country. A few groups have proposed it—and with those groups the New Republic has agreed. We have believed, since the day the Treaty of Versailles came from the secret conference, that upon such a document no sound peace could be built. What would be the effects of the Treaty on the League has never been a moral question of right and wrong, but the less absolute question of judging what the political forces of Europe are up to, and how long they are likely to hang on. Our own judgment has been that the Treaty would wag the League, not the League the Treaty. We have believed that a new international conference, summoned when the passions of the world were cooling, might find it the task of wisdom to re-write the Treaty of Versailles and build upon new foundations a League in which there would be provided more democratic control and by which revision of the status quo might be peacefully achieved, instead of practically denied.

Toward this objective a Republican administration might proceed with the benediction of its party platform—if the platform ended at the point to which we have now examined it. Half way down, however, the straddling begins.

In the first place, the Republicans assert that they hope to achieve their project "without involving" the American people "as participants and peacemakers in a multitude of quarrels, the merits of which they are unable to judge." That statement, of course, is a reproof for the American who took a hand in settling the fate of Fiume. But the shallowness of the view that America has no interest in the settlement of European questions is exposed by the standards which the Republicans themselves establish, earlier in their own Treaty plank. If it is our purpose to help maintain a peace "based upon international justice," help to the extent of actually using our "power," then patently it is our business to help make the peace good enough to be worth preserving. The Republicans, judged by some of their own phrases, are proposing to swindle themselves.

A few sentences lates comes the second straddle. President Wilson's Covenant, says the platform, "repudiated to a degree wholly unnecessary and unjustifiable the time-honored policy in favor of peace declared by Washington and Jefferson and Monroe, and pursued by all American administrators for more than a century." What group insisted that this sentence be squeezed into the platform requires no guessing. Its inclusion is a concession to those who are not only irreconcilably against *this* League and *this* Treaty, but against any league and treaty that would give America a responsible post in the maintenance of the world's peace. There may be a joker in the words "to a degree." If not, it is a pretty problem to reconcile with an international association using its "power" abroad the isolation ordinarily associated with Washington, and to harmonize with the idea of "impartial" world courts the nationalist interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine ordinarily coming from the Senate Republicans.

From the tangle of contradictions a statesman might lead the Republican party. The coming months of the campaign he might devote to a popularization of the need of a new world conference under American leadership. He might, in harmony with the first half of his party plank at least, assert that should such a conference result in a new and just treaty he would propose the establishment of an international association pledging American participation without reservation. He might simultaneously point out that if the conference failed to do a better job than was done at Versailles, America would deem it in the world's interest no less than her own to remain politically in isolation until Europe was ready for a fresh start. Such a campaign program would present a genuinely constructive policy, a real alternative to the Democratic program if that party comes out for indiscriminating ratification. But to vitalize such a program requires a real statesman. The clauses that do the straddling are alone enough, in our opinion, to swamp Warren Harding. Even without them we believe there is little chance that he could make use of his opportunity. Nothing in his record shows the requisite courage and breadth of view. He is, we believe, only a drum major.

He will have his chance, however. He will find the country more interested, perhaps, in other issues, but waiting nevertheless to see what he can do with the League and Treaty plank. For the present, as it is written and before it receives Mr. Harding's interpretation, that plank may be summed up in this way:

It associates the justice of a treaty with the de-

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sirability and the chances of success for that league which is to maintain it. It thereby puts the Republicans on more solid ground. It proposes to take America out of isolation. And then, without even a verbal flourish, it turns around and straddles. It discredits American participation in the settling of the terms of the same peace it suggests we may guarantee. It implies its determination to abide by the isolation of Washington. The plank is a compromise, an ingenious piece of politics—and a statesman's opportunity.

National Egotism vs. International Relief

SINCE the armistice was signed those Americans whose own experience has taught them the awful poignancy of the hunger, the disease and the misery of the peoples of Eastern Europe, have tried again and again to bring home to the minds of their fellow-countrymen a vivid understanding of the intensity and the hopelessness of this suffering. They hoped in this way to persuade America to go to the aid of Europe. More than any other great country she is comparatively unscathed, solvent and prosperous in a society of nations which to a considerable extent are either bankrupt, impoverished and diseased, or else staggering under a load of obligations which they are unable to redeem and which they cannot afford to repudiate. America possesses the resources which, if they could be intelligently applied to European relief, would not merely alleviate the immediate suffering but would start the most impoverished and wretched of the European peoples on the road to economic recovery.

Yet in spite of the many attempts which men like Mr. Davison have made to awaken public opinion and to secure sufficient support for the necessary remedial measures, America as a whole remains apathetic. The government which alone can provide relief in a sufficiently abundant measure refuses to act: and the refusal does not attract any general or lively public condemnation. Congress and the mass of the American people are tired of Europe. They have in their own opinion done as much for Europe as anybody can reasonably ask. They resent appeals to go to its assistance. They need all their resources and all their attention in order to put their own house in order.

It is a shabby attitude to assume; and Americans who feel keenly its shabbiness profess their inability to understand it. In the past Americans have always shown the utmost accessibility to less moving appeals for succor. Why do they remain apathetic when they are asked to relieve the most intense and wide-spread human suffering which has afflicted modern civilized peoples and which they alone are capable of relieving immediately and adequately? Why do they refuse seriously to consider proposals which combine the amelioriation of the most terrific distress with at least a fair prospect of an ultimately remunerative return on the cost? Have the American people all of a sudden ceased to be generous, humane and sympathetic? Are they incapable of following even an intelligently selfish policy with respect to Europe? The prolongation of the existing popular privation and misery and disorganization is keeping alive centers of social infection whose poisonous effect will certainly spread to this country. Why is it that in dealing with European relief their intelligences are clouded and their hearts are hard?

These questions which we frequently hear repeated do not go to the root of the difficulty. Manifestly the disposition of the American people has not suffered a sudden change for the worse. If they are indifferent to cries of distress and appeals for assistance, it is because something has happened to them which has hardened their hearts. Neither is there any doubt as to what that something is. It is the war and its consequences. Because the war touched off in the people a tremendous explosion of patriotic enthusiasm and collective energy, because in the course of their war work so many Americans gave to a personally disinterested public service the undivided attention which most of them had heretofore lavished on their private affairs, the nation took to itself the illusion that it was undergoing a morally ennobling experience. So it was in subjective intention, but if there is any truth in Christian ethics a people must pay for such bellicose and destructive moral enthusiasms with a compensating period of moral apathy and exhaustion.

It is such an attack from which Americans, in common with the other peoples of the world, are now suffering. War and war propaganda have during the past five years inflicted grievous wounds on the spirit of the American people. Its outbreak found them totally unprepared to understand the origin of the conflagration and their own relation to it. They were really asked to choose between two alternative theories, one of which attributed to them an interest in the issue of the war coequal with that of France or Great Britain and the other of which conceived the tragedy as exclusively a European affair. When in the spring of 1917 they were led hesitating and reluctant into the area of conflict, they temporarily adopted the first of these theories. Once immersed in the fight their intense

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patriotism induced them to overcome all misgivings and to put all their resources behind their army and their government, but it was a forced effort which was not corroborated by their traditional impulses and which they could not indefinitely sustain.

Precisely because it was unnatural their patriotic explosion was associated with a moral violence which seriously damaged some of the characteristic and precious American traditions and moral attitudes. They have always been a tolerant and open-hearted people who valued freedom of opinion even during war and who had fought their former wars practically without censorship of opinion. Yet by the fall of 1917 the government was putting into effect a drastic and a grotesquely unintelligent censorship which amounted in effect to the terrorizing of opinion. Americans had always been a kindly, humane and fair-minded people, but in spite of Mr. Wilson's attempt to attach the guilt to the German ruling class rather than the German people, government propaganda aroused in them a veritable obsession of hatred against everything German. The emotion was all the more sinister because it was so artificial and usually so foolishly ferocious. There was a large German element in the population of the country whom Americans had welcomed and liked as individuals and whom they could not hate and revile without mutilating a part of their national body. America is essentially and irrevocably composite in blood; in so far as she yields to race hatreds, as she did during the war, she violates one of the necessary sanctuaries of her own life.

The present attitude towards European distress and the present reluctance to assume political responsibilities abroad is part of the price which both America and Europe are paying for the excesses in this country of the war spirit and propaganda. The propaganda falsified the origin of the war in that it concentrated exclusive responsibility on the Germans and prevented the people of America from understanding the extent to which they, in common with the other democratic peoples, shared in the responsibility for a civilization which could not prevent such tragedies. It falsified American relations to Europe in that it manufactured for one particular purpose a false identity of American interest with European interests. It encouraged in Americans an inconsistent, harsh, suspicious, irreconcilable attitude of mind which for the time being was concentrated on the Germans or upon other people whom anybody cared to accuse of being pro-German but which was in the end certain to fasten indiscriminately upon anybody, who blocked the dominant movement of public opinion who raised troublesome and dangerous questions or who insisted on inconvenient and costly responsibilities. The existing disposition in Congress and in the country to cut America off from Europe and to turn an indifferent ear to European cries of distress is the natural post-war reaction of the intense and blind nationalism which, in spite of the President's speeches, moulded the actual spirit of the American war effort.

This intense egotism is not confined to America. It is active among all the nations who participated in the war or who have come into existence as the result of it. It is most active of all among nations, such as the Poles, who are most in need of disinterested American assistance. In one way or another the war inflamed all national egotisms, developed unnatural friendships and unnatural antipathies with other nations and falsified their attitude towards the normal traditions and circumstances of their life. The very peoples whom America is asked to assist, whom she ought to assist and who are abusing her because she declines, are themselves pursuing their own national interests without any more regard for the interests of other peoples than they are forced to observe. If they would only moderate the egotism of their national policies, their need for foreign assistance would quickly diminish. The American assistance which they have already obtained they have used for the most part not in order to repair, but to increase the ruin. As Lord Robert Cecil recently declared the position of the world is intensely serious and it is clearly the result of the war. All of which points to one obvious conclusion. The moral and political delinquencies, shared by all modern nations, which rendered it impossible for statesmen to prevent or to stop the war, also render it impossible for them to heal the suffering which the war has left in its train. The recovery of modern society from its effects demands a disinterested expenditure of economic and social resources for which the motives, the standards and the organization which determine modern political and social behavior make no provision.

It is the fact that the motives, the standards and the organization which determine modern political and social behavior make no provision for the disinterested expenditure of economic resources on a scale sufficient to provide the needed relief which makes the immediate position of the world so ominous.

According to the prevailing precedents and theories nations ought to stand on their own legs. As such they are competitors for political power and economic advantages. They ought not to expect economic aid from other nations which

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they cannot obtain by means of ordinary commercial credits. Why should the United States help to rebuild the industries of nations which exclude American products by means of tariff discriminations and which after they recover will compete with American industry for the possession of neutral markets? These are the questions which many American business men are asking and they are, we believe, unanswerable from the point of view of nationalist economics. The relief which the more distracted and impoverished nations need from their less impoverished fellow nations assumes the existence of a cooperative rather than a competitive international society; and some of the peoples who most require succor are most intransigeant in asserting their own right and duty themselves to act on exclusive and selfish economic and political policy.

We are calling attention to these considerations not in order to excuse the present attitude of the American government and people but to account for it. All the proposed plans for relief fail for one of two reasons. Either they are merely grandiose philanthropic ventures and break down because while they may relieve some of the distress, they are powerless to start up again in the suffering and impoverished countries the wheels of economic activity. Or they demand the adoption by statesmen and business men of a policy so enlightened and disinterested that it does not make any appeal to the motives on which business men and statesmen ordinarily act. Before the war the strong nations were engaged in a scramble for exclusive access to the markets and natural resources of the weaker nations. The Treaty of Peace did nothing to impair and much to intensify these egotistic national economic policies. The nations are still scrambling all the more fiercely for exclusive advantages because there is a shortage of many basic commodities such as coal and foodstuffs. As the French statesman quoted on another page by Sanford Griffith says, it is preferable in case there is not enough to go around to have another people go without than to go without yourself, particularly when the other people is an alien enemy. That is the social and political ideal which determines both the French and American attitudes. It threatens to complete the ruin of the vast and elaborate economic and social structure of the modern world.

Americans in particular should beware. Merely as a consequence of acting on an ordinarily respectable economic interest of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, and of asking other peoples to pay just debts, they may well become the worst-hated people in modern history. The New York American republished recently a French cartoon which depicts two American soldiers, one of them in the act of throttling a French male and the other a French female peasant. Underneath it is the caption, "Bankrupt France, we are here." This cartoon must have originally appeared in some sheet which foments international animosity in order to profit by it, but it merely gives a venomous expression to the deep and general popular resentment which the depreciation of the franc and the pound as compared with the dollar has created. Considering the amount of food and raw material which France and Great Britain are obliged to buy in the American market, the discrepancy looks like gross economic piracy particularly when it is accompanied by a refusal to extend credits which might increase the value of the franc, the pound and the mark. This is unjust but it is horribly real. Americans even though they insist on its injustice should understand its reality. They should understand that suffering and impoverished peoples necessarily and properly act on special standards of justice and injustice. As long as so many Europeans are exposed to the kind of misery, disease and deprivation from which they are now suffering and as long as America can come to their relief but refuses to do so, they cannot be blamed for bitterness of feeling about a country which is profiting at their expense from their necessities. The sooner Americans realize the consequence upon their future relations with Europe of acting on respectable but selfish national economic interests, the better it will be for their own future welfare and their own good repute, and probably for their own safety. Sooner or later they must go to the assistance of Europe or undergo the consequences of a still more terrible European collapse.

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Chicago 1920

IT was true, of course, that it mattered a great deal what was decided and who was chosen at Chicago. But a more compelling fact is that Chicago was too hot, the Coliseum too crowded, the hotel lobbies too nerve wracking, and the prices too high, for an enduring interest either in the future of the world or even in the assured victory of the Republican party.

One delegate blurted it out on Thursday evening. "There aren't three hundred delegates in this convention," he said, "who care enough personally about the result, to perspire all Sunday and pay twenty dollars a day in order to start Monday morning looking for the right candidate. Saturday night is their limit, and they will vote for anybody who can win by Saturday night. All they ask is to be told by somebody, who acts as if he knew, the name of the man who is going to win."

It has been called an unbossed convention. It was in fact a convention hopelessly astray until it found men to boss it. Being unbossed consisted in having no purpose or will except the will to get out of Chicago. It happened that one set of bosses showed the uninstructed delegates the quickest way to achieve that object. Had they not shown a way, the delegates might easily have stampeded some other way if that was also the way home. Thus when the Old Guard, speaking through the neo-classic Mr. Lodge, seemed to be hurrying matters, the delegates were satisfied; whenever Mr. Lodge and his friends proposed delay there were howls of protest, and a glimmer of insurgency.

Harding was chosen, not because the convention was in love with him, but because his was the first name seriously proposed to end the deadlock. Had he failed to secure a steadily mounting vote in the ballots on Saturday morning, had it looked like another deadlock lasting over until Monday, Harding would have faded. A drift towards some one else, perhaps Sproul or Knox, would have set in at once. But by the clever manipulation of sixty or seventy votes on Saturday morning so as to create the illusion of an irresistible tide, the clique was able to start a rush to Harding which was really a rush for the next train out of Chicago.

It was a coup by master politicians who knew just what they wanted at a time when all other groups wanted the impossible. Wood was impossible, Lowden was disqualified, Johnson was impossible, Hoover was inconceivable, and as for Lenroot, Knox, Sproul or Coolidge, no powerful group wanted them badly enough on Saturday. The dark horses were waiting for Monday or Tuesday. Each expected to win as Harding won, by sheer fatigue from a deadlock, but all of them miscalculated the endurance of the delegates.

That the deadlock was deliberately prolonged in order to reduce the resistance to Harding, there can be no doubt. The way big batches of votes were distributed in the early ballots shows that to have been the case. Not accident, but design kept Wood and Lowden neck and neck on the ballots of Friday in such a way as at one and the same time to raise false hopes among their followers, and yet convince the uninstructed delegates that neither could win. Take New York: On the first three ballots Wood had 10, 19, 23 votes respectively. On the fourth he went down to 20. On the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth he had 24, 23, 24, 23. Did these votes represent conviction or a plan? If we assume that the New York delegates were voting for a definite candidate then there was an open-minded gentleman on the delegation who was for Wood on the fifth, against him on the sixth, for him on the seventh, and against him on the eighth. I suspect there was no such gentleman. I am inclined to doubt whether Senator Wadsworth could name the delegates who were for Wood and for Lowden on each of the ballots. I am inclined to suspect that the 88 votes of New York were distributed so as to tease Wood and Lowden, prevent a combination Friday night, and compel a deadlock. I am inclined to think the same thing happened in certain other delegations. It was this perfect control of a few powerful states which created the nucleus for the stampede of the delegates who in all senses of the world were uninstructed.

The master minds who worked this ingenious mechanical play had a rather simple idea. They were, as Senator Lodge insisted in a voice magnified by the electrical apparatus out of all proportion to his body, against the autocracy of Wilson, against despotism, dynasties, tyrants. To the public, whether in the galleries or among the delegates, these phrases meant the isolation of Wilson, his stubbornness, the dismissal of Lansing, his jealousy of advice, his self-sufficiency. But to men like Smoot, Lodge, Penrose, Watson, the phrases had a longer history. They were associated quite as definitely with Roosevelt as with Wilson, quite as certainly with the Roosevelt dynasty as with the

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Wilson. The audience may have been thinking of McAdoo, but the clique was thinking no less of Wood and Johnson, the Bull Moose, 1912 and 1916. The name of Roosevelt was uttered with Lincoln's in every speech, but the determination to have none of Roosevelt was as fixed as ever it was eight years ago and four years ago. Under cover of what they called Americanism and constitutional government the elder statesmen were determined to restore the party to what it was before the White House became the source of all authority.

So the candidacies confronted a mass of delegates seeking no one in particular, a clique of experienced politicians in control of certain critical delegations, and a suffused distrust of the great man in any form. To make an impression was not an easy thing. Lowden, Wood, Johnson and Hoover, each had his own approach, and the failure in each case was instructive.

Lowden came the nearest to success because Lowden most nearly fitted the specifications. In fact, Lowden, while not the choice of the clique, was nevertheless the choice of very powerful sections of the party. He collected delegates in the regular way, made no dire threats, and after Harding's miserable performance in Ohio and Indiana was regarded as more likely to win in November. He would probably have been nominated, but for the revelations in Missouri. The Lowden affair was a mishap, as it happened, a most convenient mishap.

Wood appeared before the convention as the heir of Roosevelt. Now to the mind of the romantic people who boomed him, and the affluent amateurs who endowed him, this fact was supposed to be an enormous asset. It was in fact a fatal liability. The men who had twice rejected Roosevelt living were not the kind to accept a reduced replica known to have an inveterate fondness for kitchen cabinets and personal government. Wood embodied all the qualities these politicians had most hated in Roosevelt, and none of the force which they had feared.

For Wood went to the convention without any of T. R.'s great popularity. He seemed to be popular with the family and he bore a superficial resemblance to one aspect of Roosevelt. His impulse in that convention was not that of the popular hero, but of the gilded amateur trying to manipulate delegates and push his way through by main force and awkwardness. The politicians knew, even if Mrs. Robinson didn't, that, as a substitute for Roosevelt, Leonard Wood was papier maché.

Johnson came to Chicago with a considerable popular squall behind him. But he had to face the results of the hysteria and the reaction among the well-to-do and powerful. The delegates and the galleries were proof against progressivism in any form, not merely stolidly proof as in 1916, but violently proof. What was Johnson to do? How was Johnson to remain true to himself and yet make himself acceptable to that crowd? The scheme which Johnson adopted was silence on domestic issues and extravagance about the League. The League was the only thing he talked about in Chicago because opposition to the League could be found equally among standpatters and progressives. Into his hatred of the League he sluiced all the emotion that could not conveniently exude into a domestic program. This hatred of the League he identified with Americanism, and for argument against the League he appealed in Chicago almost entirely to the simplest kind of national egotism. But Mr. Lodge and his friends needed no lessons in egotism from Hiram Johnson. They forbore pledging the party to ratification, a pledge, curiously enough, which seemed to satisfy the irreconcilables. Thus in one neat stroke Johnson was deprived of any excuse for a bolt. I do not mean to imply that Johnson could have been nominated by that convention. That was never possible. But it was possible for him to affect the result decisively. He affected it not at all. It was not necessary for Johnson to be manoeuvred into ineffective silence. The trap was devised by Johnson himself as a result of his concentration on one issue. The masters of that convention handed him one all day sucker and then left him to make the most of it.

The strategists for Hoover started with another scheme. Where Johnson was irreconcilable on one issue, Hoover was pictured as irreconcilable on no issue. Judge Miller actually told the convention that the Treaty plank was identically Mr. Hoover's about an hour after Mr. Wheeler of California had said it was identically Senator Johnson's. Strange as this may seem, it is not strange to any one who heard expounded the political philosophy of Mr. Hoover's managers. They were believers, they said, in the two party system; in that system they were personally devoted to the Republican party, so devoted that they would be loyal to any candidate on any platform. They then added that Mr. Hoover was a great man, and that lots of people wanted him to be President.

A more perfect reason for ignoring Mr. Hoover entirely could not have been framed. The politisians were not looking for a great man as every-

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body but a political ingenue understood. What was going on at Chicago was politics for politicians' reasons to politicians' ends. The only fact about Mr. Hoover that at any time could have interested the politicians was that the Hoover vote really mattered in the election. But the strategists, all of them successful business men and intensely practical about everything but the job before them, proceeded to open as wide a chasm as they could between Hoover and the Hoover vote. They first eliminated as thoroughly as they knew how all trace of the Hoover Democrats; they then eliminated as thoroughly as possible all recognizable difference in principle between Mr. Hoover and any other candidate who was being considered. They even got to the point of eliminating the verbal differences over the plank about the League. Thus equipped with no issue, no votes and no threat, they started to "negotiate" in a fast game with nothing to negotiate with except the undoubted excellence of Mr. Hoover. Ten and a half votes cast on the tenth ballot, some of them by men who had voted for Harding on the critical ninth ballot, were the result, together with the querulous complaint of one of the chief negotiators that the delegates would not take Hoover seriously.

Of course they wouldn't. Why should they take any progressive seriously when the progressives were scattered about among Johnson, Lowden, La Follette and Hoover and even Wood? When the stakes are the control of the party, what reason was there for listening to the independents who can unite on no platform, on no strategy, and on no man?

Much will be written in the next months about the impudence of the Old Guard. It is waste of energy. What is more, such preachment is totally unreal. The Old Guard is at least true to itself. The game played by the progressives at this convention is in my opinion not one bit superior in morals to that played by the Old Guard, and it is infinitely less effective. The Old Guard can at least sink personal ambitions in a common purpose. It does not believe in fairies. It knows what it wants. The progressives do not know what they want. They just want to be a little nobler and a little cleaner, provided they do not have to stay out in the wilderness too long. They went to Chicago to play a game which only a professional can play because only a professional will take the time and the trouble to understand it. They trimmed, they evaded, they imagined they were boring from within, they tried to control a great party by making themselves as indistinguishable as possible from those who really control. They forgot that the virtues of the chameleon are purely defensive.

They did not deceive the Old Guard, but themselves they deceived mightily—preposterously as anyone can testify who looks at the result and heard their optimism. They cannot now, and they never will be able to play poker with Penrose. Their humiliation must have taught them that. May it also have reminded them of the multitude beyond, its patience strained. Beyond conventions and parties there is a living world in the midst of a transition which human power may perhaps guide, but cannot prevent. It is not written in Heaven that the Republican party is indispensable, nor is it now more than a gambler's chance whether moving men will accept either party as its instrument. Only a short time is left in which to recognize that the whole meaning of the progressive movement, its sole function in this generation is to supply temperate leadership to a people which is preparing to march. A few more such demonstrations of vanity, innocence, timidity and futility as this at Chicago, and the progressives will be annihilated by the clash of extremes.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

Chicago.

Full-Circle

Now that the gods are gone,
And the kings, the gods' shadows, are gone,
Man is alone on the earth,
Thrust out with the suns, alone.

Silent he walks among
The unanswering stars of his night,
Knowing his hands are weak, that his eyes
Deceive in the light.

Knowing there is no guerdon to win
But the dark and his measure of mould,
Foreseeing the end of dream, foreseeing
Youth grow old.

Yet, knowing despair he is free,
Free of bonds, of faith, of pain.
What should frighten him now
Who has nothing to gain,

When he takes the place of the gods,
And chaos is his and the years,
And the thunderous histories of worlds
Throb loud for his ears?

Now that the gods are gone
The skies are dust in his hands;
Through his fingers they slip like dust
Blown across waste lands;

And his glance takes in beauty and grief
And the centuries coming or flown:
He is god of all ways and things—
And a fool—and alone.

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

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Why Mail Service Is Poor

ONE of the last things Congress did before it adjourned was to give the Postal Service a back-handed slap in the face. It was a shabby trick.

The Postal Service is shot to pieces. Everybody knows that. Its efficiency and its morale are diminishing to the zero point. These are matters of common notoriety. The situation and condition and state of mind of the employees in the Service, and the attitude of Mr. Burleson and his associates toward the rank and file have all been set forth with a completeness that disclosed the whole wretched condition.

The men who work the mails knew there was no hope from their superiors. Mr. Burleson had shown them that he was not friendly or sympathetic or understanding. No relationship or good-will existed between the head of the Post Office Department and his subordinates. The men turned to Congress for relief. And now Congress, preoccupied with politics and its own reelection, has shirked the job. The whole case must be put anew to the new President and the new Congress next year. Meantime those who remain in the Postal Service must make shift as best they can.

Fifteen months ago, that is on February 28th, 1919, a Joint Commission on Postal Salaries was authorized in the Post Office Department appropriation bill. The commission discovered at the outset that various laws contained in Post Office appropriation bills and in special acts of Congress and the regulations prescribed by the Post Office Department affecting the compensation of postmasters and postal employees had not been separately compiled since the publication of the Postal Laws and Regulations in 1913, except as contained in the annual Postal Guide and its supplements. Legislation with reference to salaries in the Postal Service has in recent years been amended in almost every particular modifying the method of compensation and the amount paid for practically all classes of postal employees with the exception of first and second class postmasters. "Considerable time and labor was expended in the compilation of all such laws and regulations made pursuant thereto and brought to date for ready reference and use of the commission." This revelation was in itself sufficient proof of the need for a thorough reorganization, simplification, and reclassification of the Postal Service.

Then the commission began a series of extended hearings all over the country at which employees of all classes gave testimony and submitted briefs as to salaries and the necessity for equitable readjustment and reclassification. The hearings were confined to employees actually in the Service. The various groups selected their own spokesmen. Some 2,420 printed pages of information and data were gathered. It is perhaps the fullest presentation of the condition of the Postal Service ever made. Testimony was heard from 537 witnesses in addition to the large numbers of written statements and briefs presented. Questionnaires were sent out to fourteen groups of employees calling for specific data not otherwise obtainable. More than 125,000 of these questionnaires were filled out and returned to the commission to be analyzed and tabulated.

Later on twenty-five postal experts were selected from various groups of employees and brought on to Washington. They had previously been provided with copies of the testimony presented to the commission and were directed to submit, for the consideration of the commission, a tentative schedule of salary adjustments with proper regard for the relative importance of each group to other groups and to the entire service, together with suggestions for a proper salary scale for each of the various groups of postal employees. This committee was in continuous session at work night and day for ten days, and, with two or three exceptions, submitted a unanimous report. This report was thereupon submitted to representatives of some of the groups of postal men who desired to be heard and to officials of the Post Office Department. The latter were invited, and submitted, along with oral statements, written recommendations and suggestion both with reference to the conclusions of the committee of postal experts and to the general subject of the investigation.

As the hearings progressed and the scope of the commission's activities became known the highest hopes were aroused among the postal employees. No investigating commission ever had more loyal and zealous cooperation or had a completer picture drawn for its scrutiny. The attitude of the members of the commission at the hearings further quickened the hopes of the men. Representative Bell said in opening the hearings at Atlanta:

> This joint commission, authorized by Congress, is for the purpose of investigating salaries in the Postal Service and the making of a report to Congress by which we might enable you to get proper increases in compensation. I believe the other members of this commission agree with me that a majority, if not the whole, of the postal employees are entitled to increased compensation.

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I am proud, so far as I am concerned, that we have had so little kicking, as you might call it, from the postal employees. Less, in my judgment, than from any other people in the country. I have seen no indication on the part of the postal employees and the postmasters in the United States to strike. I am glad of that. I am proud of that, and I commend you for your action in that respect. I regret to say that we had more men engaged in strikes during the war than we had men at the front fighting. That is a deplorable condition, a condition that must change sooner or later and that, I believe, is something we all agree upon.

This commission has undertaken a stupendous work, the biggest work, no doubt, of any commission ever appointed by Congress. We are to deal and are dealing with more than 200,000 postal employees in the United States.

At Chicago one of the witnesses spoke with some diffidence:

I say to you with some timidity that we did not look forward with much hope to your coming, thinking, I might say frankly, that it was another measure of delay. That is because we did not understand.

Representative Madden interrupted:

Wait a minute, will you? You know this was not done on the spur of the moment. This was arranged last year, and it was arranged then with the thought that such conditions as you have described needed to be remedied, and we have come at the earliest possible moment.

The witness agreed:

And in an entirely friendly spirit, but we haven't every means of knowing things, and we were disturbed with the thought that it was only another measure of delay. But since we have come here we believe we have the sympathetic ear of every member. You have been kindly in all your questions to us, and we have not overlooked that fact, and we have talked of it frequently during the past day or two. We have not failed to notice that when a man was nervous and timid because of inexperience, that you, yourselves, have helped him over the rough places by your friendly questions and attitude.

That has raised a new hope in our hearts and we are going back to our work, filled with a new courage, in the hope that now something will be done for us, but I say to you gentlemen, and I say it in all candor, and with the interests of the service at heart—I have been in it twenty-three years and love it, as much as these men I represent—that unless something is done to justify the hope that we now feel, that the morale of the Service will inevitably break, and you will crush the spirit of the men who would gladly hold it up.

The hearings ended on April 23rd. It was noted at the time by the employees that they were heard in public, a stenographic report kept and all their testimony and briefs printed. When this record was made up the Post Office Department officials were heard in secret session and no stenographic or printed report of their testimony has been made available.

The thundering in the index was prolonged for fifteen months. What has come of it? Just about nothing. The commission "considered" the great mass of facts submitted to it from April 23rd to May 31st and then submitted its almost grotesquely inadequate "preliminary" report of five printed pages. It simply shirked the job. No glimmering of understanding is shown of how much a solution of the whole problem means to the 300,000 men in the Postal Service. No attempt is made to come to grips with the deficiencies and inequalities of the Service and do a piece of constructive reorganization. The men are simply thrown a sop in the hastily-drawn bill (which will have to be perfected next winter) that accompanied the commission's report and has now been enacted.

The clerks and letter carriers, at present divided into six grades with salaries ranging from $1,200 to $1,650, asked to be divided into three grades at salaries from $1,800 to $2,400. They are divided in the new act into five grades at salaries from $1,400 to $1,800. The railway mail clerks, at present divided into three classes and ten grades with salaries from $1,300 to $1,925 with "clerks in charge" at from $1,650 to $2,125, sought to be put in one class paying from $1,700 to $2,500 and with clerks in charge at $2,800. What they get is two classes with salaries ranging from $1,600 to $2,150 and clerks in charge at $2,300. These are the chief changes affecting some 95,000 employees. There are other small benefits affecting substitutes, annual leave and sick leave. But the inadequacy of the consideration given the whole mass of testimony presented, the patchwork job, the hurry and shirking at the end has made thousands of the men fairly sick with disappointment, as the telegrams that came to Washington have so clearly shown. They were inclined to reject the whole thing until cooler counsels prevailed.

How the members of the commission could hear day after day what the men had to say for themselves and not understand their state of mind and how near their morale was to breaking beats me. Some of the tales that were told are pitiful. Shabby men with long years of honest work to their credit in government service had to confess openly that their children were kept from school in bad weather for lack of shoes. Or colloquies like this:

"What do you consider the purchasing power of a dollar as compared with 1907?"

"I do not know, Congressman. As I told you, my wife is like everybody else's—like your own—she keeps things from me, and she manages the house as well as she can. But I have seen her come home from the market and sit down and cry. I don't know what the purchasing power is. I am not able to figure it.

"I contend that the people of the United States, whom you represent, are as deeply interested in this situation

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today as are we men appearing here before you. They have a right in our children, and unless you give us an opportunity to bring up these children in the way they should be brought up, then it is more than likely that the children we turn over to you may be a liability instead of an asset."

All the men who came before the commission had the same story to tell of the difficulty of retaining even poor men, of men coming in and staying for a few days or a few hours and then leaving without notice, and of a scale of pay that too often did not give a living wage, of debt, of sickness, and of discouragement. Yet through the whole sordid, pitiful tale ran a golden thread of patience, of devoted loyalty to the government, of faith in the soundness of our institutions, and of hope that conditions would be remedied when they became known. The result of the whole inquiry was an impressive and heartening illustration of the attitude of government employees toward an impersonal and heedless employer who is forgiven much because of a deep-lying feeling that the nation's business must be carried on; that, after all, however trying the conditions and inadequate the pay, it is public service. The amazing and interesting thing is that such a sound, healthy sentiment still survives.

Walter V. Ellis, a letter carrier at Camden, N. J., has been in the postal service for thirty years. His average pay during that long period has been $956 a year. He had this to say:

I want to say to you that we have not at any time done anything that would bring reproach on the government. While we have been underpaid and dissatisfied people because conditions have been such that they warrant us in being dissatisfied, we have been one hundred per cent loyal and ever shall be. . . . We came into the service when we were young men; now I am getting old and gray and I begin to look like Uncle Sam. . . . But I declare to you that in the city of Camden I questioned the boys and I said, 'How many of you have been having butter to eat?' There is not a man there that had been eating butter. . . . We are not begging now. We do not come with our hats in our hands like paupers. We are American citizens, looking for justice, looking for equality, looking for rights. We would not be here if we were not justified by the facts. . . . We are here simply to look for redress. I want to say to you this: that you must learn to have a love and respect for an organization that is one of a very few. We stampede any attempt to create dissension and trouble against our country. We stand shoulder to shoulder for the Service. You do not know the contests we have had to keep men who on account of their conditions were almost ready to do anything.

Now as to the deterioration in the character and quality of the men going into the Service, from a witness who is employed in the post office at Philadelphia:

The standard of the examinations has been lowered to a great extent and that possibly brings in a class of men who have not reached the intellectual standard of former times. There seems to be a different atmosphere among the men coming in today. When I entered the Service there seemed to be a spirit of cooperation, a desire to be of real service to the Department and to the government. At the present time that spirit is not present and there seems to be a lethargy among the new men coming in. We have quite a number of temporary employees and sufficient men, but not of the right calibre. The men who have been perfected in the system of clerical work are going out of the Service to accept positions where they can get a better salary.

In one large city the post office was reduced to such extremes that school boys in short trousers were taken on as mail carriers. This provoked so much criticism and comment that an order was issued in the post office that the boys before going on the streets with the mails should be provided, or should provide themselves, with long trousers. Mail carriers without uniform and in shabby, worn attire have become a common sight on the streets in many cities.

This is the story of a post office clerk, William H. Canavan, of the Chicago office:

The time for pride has gone. We have been held back by pride from telling the things that happen to us, but let me recite here a specific case. A man employed in the post office; his wife becomes suddenly and seriously ill. He has five children and is unable to obtain a nurse. He couldn't pay her if he could get one, and he had to take over the charge of the home, and the charge of his children, and of the administering to his wife with the help of his neighbors, and he finds in an examination of his home conditions that there are only two towels in the house that are fit for use; only one change of bed clothing in the house. He was humiliated before his neighbors by that condition and that it was withheld from him by his self-sacrificing wife by frequent washings, for fear that it would break down his spirit if he knew the condition and utterly destroy his efficiency.

When I left home this morning it was raining—again the time for pride has gone—my wife said, 'I will have to keep Robert home from school.' I said, 'Why?' She said, 'His shoes won't stand the trip.' I spent $20 for shoes this month, and three of my children haven't shoes fit to wear. Those are some of the things upon which you might well decide this question and it is a question of every-day life. They asked a question in the questionnaires with regard to specific self-denial. No man in the post office is competent to answer that question for you. If we were to sit down and calmly figure out the future, it would overwhelm us and break our spirit. The wives are the ones to come before you and tell you what it means.

These are some of the things we have to contend with, and I am better situated than some of the clerks in the Chicago post office, and I want to say to you, forgetting the pride I have had, that my wife has had one new dress in three years. I have had this suit for four. I wear it to work and on Sundays too. My wife, by constant effort, by turning over and knitting and sewing—not by

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using our old clothes; we couldn't; we have to keep them ourselves—has managed to keep the children clothed, is able to keep them, in some manner, upon the streets and fit for school. These are some of the conditions, and I am not facing those conditions on a salary of $1,500, because I am able to make nearly half that much on the outside. I make nearly $2,200 a year altogether, and yet these are the conditions that confront us. Even making that extra money, $50 a month since the signing of the armistice, I have not been able to keep my family and give my children the schooling and the education they should receive. I only wish that the wives of these men could appear before you, and I am confident that our case would be fully and completely settled to our satisfaction.

Samuel Borowitz is a post office clerk in Station D, at 13th Street and Fourth Avenue, New York. He has been employed there for ten years. His present salary is $1,500 a year. He has a wife and two children, one nine years old and one three years and three months. Four chief items of his expenses are rent, food, milk for the children, and carfare. He keeps an accurate account and finds that these four items cost $118.80 a month, to be taken out of a salary of $125. In addition, he has to buy his lunches. He goes to work in the post office at three o'clock in the afternoon and works until twelve o'clock at night. In the forenoon he works as a paper hanger. He found that he had to get some outside employment to make enough money to keep himself and his family alive. He gets up in the morning at eight o'clock and by nine o'clock he is leaving his flat. He does not get back until one o'clock the following morning. Between nine o'clock every morning and three o'clock every afternoon, when he must report at the post office, he earns about three dollars hanging wall paper. Then he goes to work in the post office at three o'clock. He says:

I am a pretty active fellow and can't be idle, but many a day when I am fixing up my accounts in the post office I will be falling over asleep. My eyes just close up on me. My record in the post office has been 100 per cent efficiency record. I had one of the highest efficiency records in the post office when I first entered. But I never did anything outside at that time. My record is not impaired yet but my health is impaired, because I have got to continue—I must continue working the same way.

W. L. Baldwin, a superintendent of the Tompkins Square Station of the New York City post office, whose salary is $2,000 a year, plus the temporary bonus of $200, is the head of the financial department of the postal station. On the day on which he was interrogated last September he had in his care $5,168,000 representing the postal savings of 14,000 and some odd depositors. This station is on the East Side of New York. Pants pressers in sweat shops down there are paid $48 per week for a 44-hour week. Mr. Baldwin is paid by the government $38.75 a week for taking care of over five millions of dollars of savings. Mr. Baldwin and his clerks, with an aggregate annual salary of about $12,000, take in for the government and pay out each day such sums as to give a balance of upwards of five millions of dollars. The station does a postal savings business of about $20,000 a day. His station serves a postal population of about 250,000. Mr. Baldwin has been in the service forty-two years and nine months. He has had no increase of pay since 1898. He is now getting as much as it is possible for him to get under the law. He is sixty-six years and eight months old. He is hoping that Congress will pass a retirement law.

I take these stories out of scores because they are familiar to me, at my hand, and vividly illustrative. Apparently nothing can be done about it all until next year, when a new crowd with new brooms comes in.

It will be proudly said on the stump next autumn that Congress gave the postal service an additional $34,375,087 in pay. So it has. That sum has been spread out among 300,000 men. But the core of their dissatisfaction has not been touched. Money alone can't cure the ills of the workers in the post offices. It is a bigger problem than that. Morale and efficiency must be restored.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

Our State Department

"POLICY, policy, who has the policy?"—such is the cry one hears reechoed in the corridors of the Department of State these days as secretaries search for the magic diplomatic button left by their predecessors.

Lansing comes and goes, and Polk functions ad interim, and Colby enters for a brief spell, extending not later than March 4th.

What wonder that upon the interchange of notes with Chile only a few days after the assumption of office by Secretary Colby that La Prensa, of Buenos Aires, should admit in editorial despair the notes to be "the fruit of diplomatic inexperience."

"The State Department," the great South American daily remarked in a profound burst of logic, "never cultivated a diplomatic mode of procedure and does not possess a diplomacy."

Thus inspired, it is not surprising that the same newspaper should further note that the State Department "is an organ of internal politics, rather than international."

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Beneath these attacks against "diplomatic procedure" and "internal politics" rests much the simpler and more basic deficiency expressed in the single word—"disorganization."

Confused by successive shifts in the directing head and overtaxed by the wealth of new problems created by the war, not to speak of the distracting diplomatic sideshow conducted by Congress, the disorganization of the State Department today is so manifest as to be cause for universal merriment were it not portentous of an international tragedy.

At the height of the Mexican revolution in May, a division of the Department of State was obliged to call upon the Military Intelligence Division of the General Staff to identify the Mexican official who, at the time, happened to be Acting Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"It is characteristic of the epoch and therefore worthy of the historian's attention," said Dr. Dillon in The Inside Story of the Peace Conference, "that not only the members of the Conference, but also other leading statesmen of Anglo-Saxon countries, were wont to make a very little knowledge of peoples and countries go quite a far way."

Dr. Dillon tells of how "during an exposé of the Oriental situation before the Supreme Council, one of the Great Four, listening to a narrative of Turkish misdeeds, heard that the Kurds had tortured and killed a number of defenseless women, children, and old men. He at once interrupted the speaker with the inquiry: 'You now call them Kurds. A few minutes ago you said they were Turks. I take it that the Kurds and the Turks are the same people?' Loath to embarrass one of the world's arbiters, the delegate respectfully replied, 'Yes, sir, they are about the same, but the worse of the two are the Kurds.' "

Such an anecdote, betraying the ignorance of those holding the destinies of the world in their hands, might be taken as typical of what occurs each day at the diplomatic sittings of our functionaries of the State Department. Not by any one man, certainly not by Lansing or Polk or Colby, for Polk has sacrificed his health in zealous devotion to the government service, and Colby, though but a short time in office, already displays extraordinary talent for grasping problems confronting the Department. It is of the Department per se and of its methods or lack of method that criticism in this instance is directed.

A new Mexican military attaché arrives in Rome and the fact is duly reported to the Department of State. Information of the officer's name is directed to the attention of the Division of Western Europe, comprising Italy. Absence of cooperation in the Department makes one forgetful that the fact may be of some interest to the Division of Mexican Affairs.

In time the information drifts to Military Intelligence of the Army and there it is at once reported to the officers concerned with Mexico, as well as those interested in Italy.

What is an item of no significance to the Italian division becomes a matter for diplomatic negotiation once it is apparent from the past history of the Mexican officer that the "new military attaché" having formerly been a munitions expert, presumably was sent to Italy by Carranza to contract with the Italian government for the purchase of munitions.

A few days before the expiration, on April 10th, 1920, of the protocol concluded between the Allied and Associated Powers and Germany on August 8th, 1919, for the occupation of the German neutral zone by German troops, Germany asks a three months extension of the time limit originally set.

The State Department concludes that in view of the disorder in the Ruhr district and the necessity for proper police protection, afforded by presence of the troops, that Germany should be granted the extension and therefore determines to make such a suggestion to the Allies.

A call is sent through the Department for a copy of the August 8th agreement. No such agreement is to be found. In the end the State Department is obliged to rely for its information concerning a protocol contracted by a State Department official, upon such of its contents as a captain in the Military Intelligence is able to recall from memory.

These are bright days for the Department. One is never quite sure that the new Holy Writ, the Treaty of Versailles, is always accessible for ready reference.

Adrianople and Kirk Kilisse, the President insists in his Turkish note of March 24th to the Allies, should be awarded the Bulgarians.

A foreign minister calls at the Department and gently suggests that the eastern boundaries of Bulgaria were definitely delimited by the Bulgarian Treaty, signed on November 27th, 1919, by Under-Secretary of State Polk.

There is a hurried search of the files of the Department. The repository of all knowledge, the newly created section of Political Misinformation is consulted.

There is no copy of the Bulgarian Treaty, signed on November 27th, 1919, by Frank L. Polk, Under-Secretary of State, to be found anywhere in the Department.

Now comes a modest request in the humdrum course of the day's business, when invitations of the Minister of Lapland to a Grecian Garden Fest

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have been answered, for a list of the nations who to date have deposited acknowledgments of ratifications of the League of Nations with the French government. In reply the Political Misinformation Section sends to the division requesting the information a list of nations culled from the list printed in the Treaty of Versailles with the dutiful omission of China and the United States.

Then, upon objection, one hears that Paris must be cabled for the desired information. In the year of Our Lord, 1920, and of the Independence of the United States, 144, and in the month of April, apparently it is a matter of no concern to this government whether Greece and Rumania have or have not ratified the Treaty of Versailles. Nor whether the disputants to the Tacna-Arica controversy, Chile, Peru and Bolivia, are answerable to the League's authority.

Such, after all, may explain La Prensa's contention that the State Department "never cultivated a diplomatic mode of procedure and does not possess a diplomacy."

Certainly a diplomacy must be wanting where a knowledge of elementary facts themselves are absent.

A foreign diplomat tells of calling at the Department of State and lapsing with a prominent official into a discussion of Macedonia.

"But where is Macedonia?" the American diplomatist at length unsuspectingly inquires.

Though abashed, the foreign minister with no evident loss of savoir faire observes that properly to define that Balkan bone of contention, Macedonia, one must possess a map.

After fully an hour's search, a map of the Balkans is resurrected from the caverns of the Department's archives.

But such a map! Turkey still embraces Bulgaria, southern Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania and the territory about Saloniki, for the map is of 1870, antedating the Congress of Berlin.

If one were formalistic it might be proper to inquire whether if in 1919 the decisions of the Congress of Berlin concluded in 1878 had not as yet been recognized by this government, when, if ever, one might expect contemporaneous international events to be brought within cognizance of the foreign department of our government.

However, each day that passes bears with it a hopeful augury. Boris Bakhmetev, Russian Ambassador (Kerensky styled) to the United States, cables on October 4th, 1919, to Sazanov in Paris that he was told "confidentially at the Department of State" that Morris, American minister at Stockholm and "especially," Hapgood, American minister at Copenhagen, "are known to the Department to be personally of radical tendencies, but that they have no influence with the Department."

Robert Lansing was Secretary of State at the time Ambassador Bakhmetev was so informed, and it was but a few months later that Mr. Lansing was notified that he himself had no authority.

"Policy, policy, who has the policy?"

Is it any wonder that the old fashioned button game is a matter of paramount concern at present to our diplomatists?

BIRRELL LEFTWICH.

America Aids the Polish Drive

WHEN General Smuts, in another hemisphere and from the tip of another continent, sees what America is doing in the Polish-Russian situation, it is time for Americans to wake up to their own responsibility. Said General Smuts, in his remarkable interview from South Africa:

> Here is Poland, starving, kept going by foreign loans, making war on Soviet Russia. . . . I am apprehensive. I see only chaos in all this, no authority or restraint. . . . French missions and American munitions apparently enable Poland to carry on her offensive for the present. . . . You cannot defeat Russia. Napoleon learned that lesson, and now Denikin and Kolchak have learned it too. Sooner or later Pilsudski will likewise learn the lesson. Then when Lenin and Trotsky are marching on Warsaw he will come to the League of Nations perhaps for help.

General Smuts must have seen Doctor Stocky's statement in the Daily News. Doctor Stocky is a member of the Ukrainian delegation in Berlin, representing the forces in the Ukraine which are working with the Poles. He declared recently, in answering questions as to Poland's economic condition, that the cost of the Polish-Ukrainian drive was much less severe than had been generally realized. "Poland," he said, "has been able to acquire from America vast deposits of war material which America had in France for a relatively small sum—only 200,000,000. [He did not say whether francs or marks.] Even this modest sum Poland does not have to pay now. She will only have to find the interest on the amount, and has guaranteed this with her forests and the Silesian coal."

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I have just completed an investigation of the Polish question among available sources of information in Washington. In search of facts, I went to Colonel La Mar, head of the Sales Division of the War Department, to Colonel Graham, in charge of the office of the Liquidation Commission, and to Commander Stewart, of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department. In search of policy, I went from the Secretary of War to the Secretary of the Navy, and from the Secretary of the Navy to the Secretary of State.

The investigation was about as fruitful as such journeys usually are in the maze of bureaucracy. I learned a few facts at the beginning; I had a remarkable conversation with Secretary Baker; I struggled vainly with the will-o'-the-wisp of official psychology; and I satisfied myself that once again, (as I had known well enough before I started), important policy affecting the life and relations of hundreds of millions of human beings had grown up like Topsy among the bureaus, with no one responsible, with no one fully aware of what was taking place, and with no one really giving a damn. The amusing and shocking thing about it was that no officer of the government would admit that Russian policy was in any way involved in the matter of supplying the Polish armies.

The Secretary of War smiled at my argument, and heard me out with admirable patience. The Secretary of State, (very sensibly, unless he intended to do something about it—and that, apparently, he has no stomach for), refused to answer my questions or even to discuss the matter. The Navy Department, *at the request of the Polish representative,* refused to reveal any information regarding its sales of supplies to Poland.

These are the general conclusions justified by the facts in the case:

1) American supplies, furnished by the military and naval branches of the government on long-term credits, and without restriction as to their use, have made possible the Russian campaign of the Polish armies. We have set Poland on her feet and turned her loose against Russia; and we have done this directly through government agencies.

2) We are today selling Poland foodstuffs and railroad material in large quantities, without restriction as to their use, by means of which she is able to continue the campaign.

3) The State Department refuses either to approve or to disapprove this action on the score of policy. It will not admit that the action defines American policy towards Soviet Russia. No branch of the government will accept responsibility for it on the score of policy.

In 1919 America sold to Poland through the Liquidation Commission in France some $53,000,000 worth of miscellaneous army equipment, foodstuffs, clothing, medical supplies, and similar war material. Of this amount, $15,000,000 covered the item of medical supplies. There were two entire railway hospital trains, and large quantities of medicines and general hospital equipment. The rest of the $53,000,000 went for foodstuffs, clothing and army paraphernalia. There were 1,500 motor trucks. There were large quantities of new and salvaged uniforms, overcoats, blankets, shoes, and so forth; this item bears out the report constantly coming from Poland that the Polish armies virtually are clothed in American uniforms. There was some engineering material, and a considerable stock of electrical equipment for field telephone and lighting service. There were large supplies of such material as tents, camp kitchens, trench tools, saddles and harnesses, blacksmith's forges, and machine repair shops. There was at least one observation balloon unit. Finally, under foodstuffs, there were all sorts of canned goods, meats and milk, preserves and jams, fats, and everything that the American depots in France supplied. Since no restriction was placed upon the use of this material, and since the bulk of it was nothing but army equipment, it is obvious that the whole arrangement consisted in supplying Poland with the sinews of war.

This 1919 material was paid for in notes of the Polish government, due in from three to six years and bearing interest at five per cent. The transaction amounted to an extension of credit by the American government to the Polish government. Colonel Graham of the Liquidation Commission described it to me in simple language; indeed, it seems to have been a naively simple transaction. "The Poles asked for what they wanted, and we supplied the goods as requisitioned," he said. "When the amount of the last note had been used up in goods furnished, we called in the Polish representatives in Paris and asked them to sign a new note."

The point to be borne in mind, in considering this and subsequent arrangements of the same nature with Poland, is that the money of the American people originally bought these goods through the War Department, and placed them in France. The whole responsibility for highly involved foreign policy rests in the acceptance of Polish notes or bonds in payment for these goods. The credit of the Polish Republic depends largely on the support of the United States government. Thus the money of the American people becomes a fund on the strength of which irresponsible bureaucracy incurs indebtedness, while at the same time it com-

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mits the nation secretly to the support of Polish imperialism.

Coming down to the year 1920, the supplying of Poland by the War Department becomes a matter of sending goods from America, and is handled in the Division of Sales. The first contract in 1920 entered into with Poland by the Division of Sales calls for the following items:

4,600 freight cars
46 cranes
3,500,000 pounds of corned and roast beef in cans
5,000,000 pounds of oleomargarine

In giving me these items, Colonel La Mar assured me that the goods could not be disposed of in the American market. When I asked him if any provision of the contract restricted the supplies to civilian uses, he rather resented the implication. "Of course not," he said. "These supplies are for the Polish *people,* without restriction. They need fats very much." "What about freight cars?" I asked. "Yes, and freight cars," he answered. "But of course they must be free to put them to whatever use they choose."

On this contract, the War Department has accepted six-year bonds of the Polish Republic, redeemable in gold, and bearing interest at five per cent payable semi-annually.

The Navy Department, as I have said, is also selling supplies to Poland, but refuses, at the request of the Polish representative, to disclose the nature of the transaction. I finally took the matter to Secretary Daniels, arguing that this was information which rightfully belonged to the American public; he promised to see Admiral McGowan, head of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, about it. But after repeated efforts, I failed to obtain the information. I was told in the Navy Department that the reason given by the Polish representative for his request of secrecy was that Poland's pride did not like to have it known that she was buying so much salvaged material. This reason probably is the true one; it reflects the psychology of imperialism. At any rate, it gives an illuminating indication of the inability of all concerned to realize the serious phase of the adventure on which they have embarked so carelessly.

The foregoing outline does not begin to cover the story of American aid to Poland during the past two years. In 1919 the government, through the Grain Corporation, extended credits to Poland amounting to $63,700,000; this went for foodstuffs sent from America. In 1920 our government relief administration has allotted further credit, variously estimated at from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000, to Poland. In addition, the matter of shipping credits has to be taken care of in these food allotments, as well as in the 1920 contract of the Division of Sales; since the goods have been sold through an extension of credit, it naturally is incumbent on the United States government to extend shipping credits for their delivery in Poland. Finally, it must be remembered that the government has offered every facility to further the vast relief work of private American organizations in Europe, which includes Poland as one of its chief beneficiaries.

Unquestionably this course in Poland defines American policy towards Russia. Regardless of the right or wrong of an act of war against the Soviet government, regardless of the wisdom or unwisdom of continuing the policy of the past two years, the fact can hardly be denied that, in view of what Poland is doing with our supplies, and in view of our participation in the economic blockade of Russia, our course *does* constitute an act of war against the Soviet government, and, as such, belongs in the sphere of foreign policy.

At least, I thought this fact could hardly be denied, until I heard the Secretary of War deny it flatly and without turning a hair. He professed to be unable to see the point at all. But I will give a brief review of my conversation with Mr. Baker, as a contribution to the study of the official mind. I think Mr. Baker would call it a fair report of his remarks.

"In authorizing the sale of War Department supplies to Poland, Mr. Secretary, did you consider the bearing of this act upon our policy towards Soviet Russia?" I asked.

"No, I did not," he answered. "I do not see where such a bearing comes in."

"We supply Poland, through agencies of the government," I explained. "Poland, on the strength of these supplies, is able to conduct a military campaign. She launches a drive against Russia, and invades the Ukraine. We continue to supply her with material available for army use. We place no restrictions on the use of these supplies. Do you feel that we have no responsibility in the matter, especially since we continue to participate in the Russian blockade? Doesn't it constitute a definition of our policy towards Soviet Russia?"

"Of course not," said Mr. Baker. "When we sell goods to Poland, we cannot be expected to dictate her conduct or supervise her international relations."

"But this is a sale by government agencies, on long-term credits. How can you escape the logic of the deduction that it is an act of war on our part against Russia?"

"I think your deduction is far-fetched," said Mr. Baker with a patient smile. "The War Department is nothing but a merchant in the transaction. I have

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laid down three rules governing the sale of surplus material in the Department: first, that nothing shall be sold which can be utilized by the Department; second, that nothing shall be sold which can be disposed of in our own country; third, that no sale shall be made abroad until the Treasury advises that the credit or business situation will not be impaired thereby. According to these three rules, all sales have been conducted; and we have nothing to do with consideration of foreign policy."

(I took this to mean that, being a War Department, nothing which it did could by any possibility infringe on another special function exercised by the State Department.)

"Would you sell to the Russian Soviet government the same supplies that you are now selling to Poland?" I asked.

"We have not recognized the Russian Soviet government," answered Mr. Baker.

"Then the State Department has, after all, approved of your sales to Poland?"

"Of course, we would not sell to a government that had not been recognized by our government. Our government has recognized Poland, and that is enough. In general, we have entered into no transaction of this sort without the full approval of the State Department."

"Has the State Department approved of this last large contract which the War Department has recently signed? I mean, the one with 4,600 freight cars that cannot be disposed of in America?"

"I cannot answer specifically," said Secretary Baker. "I cannot, of course, commit the State Department to approval of it on any fancied score of Russian policy."

"But I am not inquiring whether or not the State Department approved of it on the score of Russian policy, or on any other score, but whether, as a matter of fact, the State Department *did* approve of it."

"I cannot say. You will have to refer to the State Department for a declaration on that point."

"Did you yourself specifically approve of the acceptance of six-year Polish bonds in payment of this contract?"

"I have never seen the contract you mention," said Mr. Baker.

Those who have tried in the last two years to pin the Secretary of War to a definite statement will sympathize with me at this point. I did not press the inquiry. "Let me come back to the main question, Mr. Secretary," I said. "I want to convince myself that you have stated that you see no connection between Russian policy and the supplying of the Polish armies now attacking Russia. Am I correct?"

Mr. Baker gave me another smile. "It seems to me altogether too vague to be practical," he said.

"Do you suppose it seems vague to the Russian soldier in the Ukraine, or to the Russian government?" I asked. "Have you followed the European news on this issue? Have you noticed that British dockmen are refusing to load munitions for Poland, and that British labor is agitating for a general strike against the government's Polish policy? Are you aware that it is being said in liberal circles in Europe that America has allowed herself to become the backbone of another imperialistic and counter-revolutionary adventure? The point seems to be sharply enough defined in European opinion. I venture to say that, if the facts which I have discovered could be presented to the American people, you would find them equally receptive to this point. I think they would see at a glance that, by selling the sinews of war to Poland, we were establishing Russian policy."

"That is very interesting," said Mr. Baker wearily. "Very interesting, but—well, it still seems awfully vague to me." He turned away, and bent over a stack of files.

I took his advice, however, and carried the matter to the State Department. On May 21st I submitted the facts in the case, and the following set of questions, to the Secretary of State, requesting an answer for publication:

1) Has the State Department specifically approved of the recent contracts for supplies between the War and Navy Departments and the Polish government? Has the State Department passed upon the question of accepting six-year Polish bonds in the transaction?

2) In view of Poland's present military operations in Russia, is the action of the United States government in supplying Poland with material necessary for the prosecution of the campaign, combined with its participation in the economic blockade of Russia, to be taken as the policy of the United States government towards the Russian Soviet government?

3) Having, through agencies of the United States government, supplied the armies of Poland with a great deal of their necessary equipment, and supplying her today with railroad material and foodstuffs which assist her to prosecute the Russian campaign, does any responsibility rest with the United States government on the score of its policy towards the government against which Poland is waging war?

These questions the Secretary of State refused to answer. Nothing can compel him to answer but the force of public opinion.

LINCOLN COLCORD.

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Putting Fiume on the Rhine

FRANCE needs coal from Germany. Germany needs ore from France. But convinced that each has been robbed of justice, France and Germany retaliate upon each other by shutting down on the export of their respective commodities. In the past year France has received but a trivial amount of coal, some five million tons, from Germany. That is less than a fifth of the amount agreed upon in the Treaty and in other compacts. And France, though unable to consume a large part of the ore mined in Lorraine, has retaliated by cutting off shipments of ore to the Ruhr. The Westphalian iron and steel industry is even more dependent upon French ore than France is upon German coal. And the result is: the largest manufacturing center in Western Europe is paralyzed for want of ore. Four blast-furnaces out of twenty-five, the proportion of furnaces functioning at one German works, is a fair example for Westphalia as a whole.

In the course of my stay here in France I have talked with members of the government, with economists, business men and with soldiers, and sought their opinion of a way out of this impasse. In considering the French point of view, one cannot leave out of account hardships from occupation and destruction which they have endured during the last five years. Reminders of the war are everywhere. In my old school here in Paris, a school which had usually a graduating class of a hundred, there hangs a tablet of "Killed on the Field of Honor" with two hundred and fifty names upon it. The hardships through which the people in northern France have passed, and are today passing, all the country shares in some degree. A dispassionate judgment has been difficult.

My first impression in resuming discussion where I left off six months ago, with my French friends, is the increased importance they now attach to their economic relations with Germany. Then they were still animated by war emotions. People were still thrilling over victory and the glorious occupation of the Rhine. Military matters were given chief consideration, and questions of commerce and industry were put in the background or treated superficially.

Now, however, business men say that coal counts more than territory or prestige. France needs seventy million tons of coal—and production has fallen to twenty-five million. The only countries able to meet this deficit are Great Britain and Germany. Coal from the United States is too costly to be seriously considered. England now produces less, and is willing to export a part of it only at a high rate. France therefore turns to Germany with a demand twice as insistent that the coal clauses of the Treaty be lived up to.

In dealing with Germany the French government and the French people are convinced they will meet nothing but bad faith. Many Frenchmen say, "We know that the military party and the reactionaries in Germany are looking for ways to revenge themselves upon us. We cannot always trust their government. We find its decisions are not executed or are distorted by subordinates hostile to us. The Independent Socialists who would seek reconciliation are an insignificant minority." The French people could not have a very different opinion from this about Germany, because their information all comes from the large French dailies which receive their foreign news from the same sources.

The point of departure of the French in their dealings with the Germans, therefore, is that they must exercise extreme prudence and not take anything for granted. Their program is the integral application of the Treaty. There are, however, few dreamers now in France who still believe the Germans will ever be able to execute the economic clauses of the Treaty. The French accordingly put added emphasis upon getting as much as possible from the Germans now, and not trusting too much to the future. For this reason Millerand abandoned the Loucheur idea of an unlimited claim on Germany, dropped Poincaré, and agreed to get down to business with the British on a definite economic program. The San Remo negotiations mark this new departure. To secure British support for immediate demands upon Germany, the French curbed their effort to keep in the running for world empire. As an official in the French Foreign Office remarked to me, "To get what the papers call our victory at San Remo we signed the treaty with Turkey. In it there are two defeated Powers, the Turks and ourselves." Millerand made a sacrifice to realize aims nearer home.

The French have found no new method in dealing with Germany. Some Frenchmen who have seen the disasters resulting from an exclusive military policy, however, regret that they have built their post-war finance upon the quicksand of German reparation. A French expert who has held important posts in dealing with restitution and reparation questions frankly confessed to me the mistake in this policy. "The Germans will not now pay a penny more than they are forced to pay. Instead of turning all of our efforts to realize on a bankrupt, we could far better have given more attention to establishing a firm basis for collaboration with the United States, a country which can be of real help to us." But the conviction that it would

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be wise to treat Germany differently is not shared generally. And those who hold it confess that they see now no way of changing French policy.

The French program, therefore, continues to be primarily a politico-military policy of isolating and dominating Germany. On the economic side it is to realize as much as possible from Germany in the immediate future. This question I put to a French economist: ought France aim toward economic collaboration with Germany, in the hope of a rapid return to normal economic conditions on the continent, or toward a policy by which France would realize more in immediate indemnity but bankrupt Germany and result in complete economic confusion in Central Europe? He replied, "Germany's resources and recuperative powers are greater than you imagine. I doubt whether the economic disorder would be as great as you fear. But there is bound to be poverty on the continent because there is a disequilibrium in world wealth, and there is not enough to go around. For this reason it is better that Germany suffer than we. It would be an injustice for Germany to be permitted to put her industrial machinery back in motion, still intact, while we are partly paralyzed because of German destruction in Northern France."

Convinced that any free collaboration with Germany would be but a "bargain of dupes" the French are frank in anticipating further military action. André Tardieu, who more than any other Frenchman aided Clemenceau in determining his country's foreign policy, declared recently: "Lloyd George by paving the way for Treaty revision has accepted the solution of weakness. By so doing he has encouraged Germany to commit a supreme imprudence (evasion of the terms). It is he who made the move which forced France to take direct action."

This estimate of Lloyd George is generally shared in France. But the significant clause is that which indicates in unmistakable terms the decision of the French to rely on Marshal Foch in similar emergencies. In an article in L'Illustration of April, Tardieu discloses letters exchanged between Clemenceau and Lloyd George relative to the Rhineland a year ago. Clemenceau wrote: "There are two methods at issue. Everyone wants a prompt solution. In France we believe in forcing the issue with Germany (le brusquer). I am not in favor of a policy which would have us seek pardon from the Germans for our victory."

This opinion is, if anything, more firmly implanted in French official circles than it was a year ago. They are convinced that France will have to take further action, and that this can only be military. The French official at the Foreign Office best qualified to speak authoritatively on French policy toward Germany said to me during the Millerand-Lloyd George negotiations at Hythe: "France is in a unique position on the continent today, and particularly so in relation to Germany. We alone have a large and well equipped army. In ten or twenty years the preponderance in our favor will not be as great as it is today. We must, therefore, be prepared to act resolutely now in defence of our future."

The French believe that the Germans will only fulfill the Treaty obligations in so far as those obligations are forced upon them. They are almost equally convinced that they may expect no real support from the British, despite Millerand's assurance that he and Lloyd George are in accord regarding execution of the Treaty. The French, however, want to avoid the repetition of a situation such as that in the Ruhr-Frankfurt episode. They complain that the British definitely blocked a French military move into the Ruhr. The motives they ascribe to the British are not particularly elevated ones. Frenchmen complain, "The British are opposing our entry into the Ruhr to prevent competition of German coal with British on the French market. They want to prevent us from exploiting our enlarged iron deposits and from competing with them on the continent. They also object to German industries falling under French control." The French do not share British fear that further military measures in the Rhineland, and more particularly in the Ruhr, would be disastrous to all concerned.

By negotiating with the British at the present time the French scarcely hope to be able to secure active British assistance in compelling Germany to fulfill the Treaty. They want, however, to avoid being blocked again if they decide to act against Germany. That is why they were satisfied with Lloyd George's statement, after San Remo, pointing to the possibility of compulsory measures against the Germans.

Anticipating such measures, the French are particularly insistent on the fulfillment of the military clauses in the Treaty. They are also bringing all possible pressure to bear on the German government to disband the remaining volunteer units in the army. Action would undoubtedly be directed against the Ruhr. Public opinion will be informed that such a move is necessary as a defensive precaution. Fully a year ago, when the German army was twice as large as it now is, Clemenceau stated in a confidential letter to Lloyd George, "What we fear in years to come is not German aggression but the systematic inexecution of the Treaty. No treaty has ever contained as many clauses and, con-

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sequently, as many openings for evasion. We want occupation as long as it will be necessary to convince our opinion of Germany's good faith. . . . I want to foresee everything and ask in case of non-fulfillment that occupation be prolonged."

Care must now be taken, therefore, in a possible French move, to distinguish between military and economic considerations. If the British should not at the last approve the move it is more than probable that the French would make it anyway. They have but slight confidence in British support, expect nothing from America in the near future, look for nothing in international action, and are therefore preparing to take matters into their own hands. As one Frenchman remarked, "Why not shape some French general into a d'Annunzio? Millerand in his reluctance is much like our Nitti. Why not make a French Fiume of the Ruhr?"

Quite apart from the merits of the various claims involved in the Ruhr dispute, would it pay the French to foreclose in this way on their debtor? One official in an important government post with whom I raised this question is himself somewhat dubious of the success of a French attempt at military control in the Ruhr. He has seen such control enforced in the Saar, however, and does not find it impossible. Here production is now some eight million tons of coal as compared with a peace time production of twelve, and to a potential production of seventeen. In the opinion of this official, military occupation probably would not work better in the Ruhr but need not work any worse. "At any rate," he added, "we would get a large quantity of the coal already mined, and would assure ourselves priority over a number of neutrals who are now buying the coal which should come to us." He recognized the necessity of giving the miners as well as the mine-owners some satisfaction from their labors. He admitted that part of the failure in the present system is the fact that the Ruhr has been called upon to mine coal in fulfillment of the terms of the Peace Treaty and without any assurance of full compensation either from the Allies or the German government. Before taking further military action, he stated, "We are going to try to increase deliveries from the Ruhr by offering them some satisfaction in shipments of iron ore."

Some other Frenchmen with whom I have talked have neglected the human factor in discussing possible French occupation of the Ruhr. They seem to think that it is possible to establish a permanent system in which German workmen will produce for France, at the point of the bayonet if need be. This opinion is not shared by French workmen, however. Jouhaux, the leader of the French General Confederation of Labor, remarked on this point: "It is our profound conviction that all the measures of compulsion used against the Germans will fail in their purpose and leave or aggravate existing dangers. All politics and diplomacy which are based exclusively on the equilibrium of political and military forces, which disregard economic laws and which do not hold as indispensable the cooperation of the peoples in the common reconstruction are bound to fail. This policy will fail since they cannot set up effective labor again in countries crippled by the war because they spread disorder, upset the normal equilibrium and keep alive a latent hostility."

SANFORD GRIFFITH.

Robert Edmond Jones, Artist of the Theatre

NOT so very long ago, in a moment of impatience and discouragement that comes to all artists, Robert Edmond Jones said to me, "What are the designers of scenery who have caught the spirit of the new theatre going to do? Must we quit for a while and sit back and wait for the producers to catch up with us?"

"No," I replied. "That's no solution. You yourselves will simply have to learn to produce."

Since then, the sketches and models of Jones have been shown in the first one-man exhibit of the kind in this country at the Bourgeois galleries; and if the exhibit compelled one conclusion more than another it is that the art of Robert Edmond Jones is distinctly of the theatre and that it can achieve its aim completely only when the designer enters the theatre as producer and carries through to realization his original vision.

To this solution, there is no inherent obstacle apparent in Jones's designs and settings. On the contrary, there are many hints and indications that point directly to the possession by the artist of just the necessary instinctive gifts for such a development of his profession. There is something unfinished about his sketches and even his models that worries and baffles the connoisseur of mere pictures. They are sketches in reality as well as in name—working plans to be fulfilled only in the stuff and media of the theatre. Only those who know the theatre and who can fill in the blanks with an imagination born of such knowledge can fully appreciate them and assure the doubter that they possess all the requisite stimuli to the finished work of art in the theatre.

Robert Jones came into the theatre not as a painter but as one who conceived the theatre as an art by itself and who was determined to master the

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precepts of that art. His undergraduate friends at Harvard tell of his enthusiastic preference for a few curtains and a light or two over the brush and palette as a medium of expression. There is something almost ironic in the fact that he has become the most dangerous opponent of the old ways in the theatre. Five years ago when the swelling impulse toward a new theatre threatened to undermine the artificial and crumbling foundations of the old, the favorite retort of beleaguered tories was that this impulse, arising on foreign shores, could have no significance on American stages and that its proponents were mere intruding amateurs from the other arts lugging their unwelcome and impractical theories into the theatre. Today, the defenders of reaction are compelled to face the fact that a young man with the unmistakably native cognomen of Jones, whose entire apprenticeship and labor has been wrought within the confines of the "commercial" theatre, has turned out to be the natural protagonist of the despised impulses and theories.

There is nothing either to his credit or to his discredit that Jones has pursued the development of his art within the channels of the established theatre. He might have attained similar results in the experimental camps of the rebels and the outlaws. Or he might have found their lack of organization an obstacle to his progress. To others should go a large share of the credit for the fact that he has not had to sell his soul on the way up—to Granville Barker who recognized latent talent and put him to work on The Dumb Wife, and even more to Arthur Hopkins who has steadily granted him freer rein from the days of The Devil's Garden and The Happy Ending on to Richard III.

Just how long Robert Edmond Jones will be content with the modicum of restraint involved in working for even so sympathetic a master as Hopkins, is the next question in his development as an artist of the theatre. There are signs in the recent exhibition which indicate that he is beginning to chafe under restraint of any kind. His imagination is bidding him do things to which no master of the elder theatre, however broad may be his viewpoint, will give assent. His conceptions demand a mechanical equipment which the present theatre is unable to offer and unwilling to provide. In spite of these handicaps, however, his mind is reaching out to such conceptions, in the mood of the producer—consciously or unconsciously—rather than in that of the designer. Some of the most striking sketches in the exhibit were studies in stage management more than in stage settings.

For one thing, Jones refuses to be bound by the present limitations of the proscenium opening. With a single gesture, in the model for The Seven Princesses, he sweeps away all the false draperies which mask our neglect of the upper two-thirds of the stage's frame, and sends the eye up and up until the human figures below are dwarfed by comparison. To achieve the same result in the actual theatre, he must have a plaster sky-dome or some other mechanical expedient untried on our stage for shutting off sight of brick walls and scene lofts. For The Will to Song, a vast conception of human beings as waves in a storm-tossed sea, he requires a stadium or a circus far larger than that of Reinhardt, thousands of trained participants and great naval searchlights sweeping the night sky. For The Cenci he asks the squared circle of the boxer with an audience ranged all the way round its four sides.

No impractical dreamings, these, despite their refusal to comply with the means at hand for their realization. Through them all runs the mark of the instinctive stage manager, knowing his goal in terms of the theatre and keenly aware of the specialized media of his art. In the black and white sketches for The Cenci, particularly, he keeps in mind the fact that his stage picture must be perfect from all points of the surrounding circle, and he economizes his lines and his masses to intensify the varying moods. Here, as well as in The Song of Roland, where medieval warriors with their shields conjure up the effect of a castle, he uses human figures for architectural and symbolic ends, a problem solely in stage management.

In a comprehensive exhibit of his work, any artist risks, even challenges, critical examination of his development. Jones survives such a test more successfully than his modest nature could have hoped. In between the naive simplicity of The Dumb Wife and the subtle but lucid symbolism of Richard III, there are many steps, each of which has carried the artist forward in the mastery of one difficulty after another. It is necessary only to compare The Dumb Wife with Caliban or the Hall of the Mirrors in The Birthday of the Infanta or the scene with the gypsies in Redemption or the infinite variations in front of the ever-present Tower in Richard III, to realize how Jones has achieved an increasing power of luminosity in addition to retaining and developing his early sense of design and color. The fact that his luminosity is distinctly of the theatre and not merely of brush and paper was interestingly proved through photographs of Richard taken by a fellow-artist, Francis Bruguière.

Jones's tightening grasp on the theory of stylization is also evident. More and more he knits the various scenes in a play together by a firm but un-

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obtrusive bond. The variety of these scenic leading motives proves his inventiveness, their unerring fitness bears witness to his taste. Much Ado About Nothing depends for its connecting thread on a fixed architectural arrangement of variant panels, a hint of the artifice which is at the heart of the comedy. Border designs are the keynote of the costumes for The Birthday of the Infanta, an incisive reiteration of the Moorish heritage in Spanish art. The Tower of London looms behind every scene in Richard III, as it must have done in the minds of all who dreaded its power in the days of the Plantagenets.

Stylization with Jones thus assumes symbolic as well as mechanistic significance. In fact, a natural and unpretentious symbolism is entering into all of the artist's work. Whether it be fully intended or not, it often amounts to a philosophical interpretation of the scene and the play in hand. In the setting for Henry V before Harfleur, an interlude in Caliban, the spears of the advancing army are set at an angle which will bring them abruptly against the cliffs ahead if the angle is not changed. Before them on a ledge above, Henry with lifted sword sets the angle higher and thereby symbolizes the function of leadership. In no other sketch or model is this philosophical interpretation of the play or scene quite so patent and simple, but its presence can be detected in all of the artist's most recent work without stretching the imagination.

The leading question roused by Jones in his exhibit is whether his impulse toward greater freedom is yet fully conscious. Is he aware of the complete connotation of his reaching out to new conceptions which is so apparent in his later sketches? Does he understand just what it will mean to carry those sketches to realization in the theatre today? If he does not, then he will have to be satisfied to struggle still longer under other masters. If he does, he must be both thrilled and appalled at the prospect which opens up before him.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

Park Gnomes

The last leaves fall
In gusts of wind
And little old men,
Sere and thinned,
Little old men
Tattered and brown,
Rake the leaves
As they fall down,
Rake the leaves in Autumn fires,
Old, old leaves on their funeral pyres.

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.

The Passing of the West

TO the east rise the blue tips of the Rockies, to the west enormous orange-flecked tablelands. Between them, bands on bands of desert, dotted with gray sagebrush and chapparall, falling south-westward. Wallowing over its quicksands, ruddy brown, writhing in tumbled eddies, a straggling shallow river rushes down endlessly. A few clumps of sickly willows line either bank. Beyond, blank and empty, but for the interspersing of parched foliage, sun-blackened boulders, and prairie-dog holes, rolls the desert, mile beyond mile on either side, an endless wide space of silence spied upon by the jagged range of blue peaks from which the sun rose this morning, and the long line of great tablelands to which he will descend tonight. Now the sun moves neither to left nor right; he hangs dead overhead and fills all the air with the raging blaze of an August noon. The prairie dogs are asleep in their burrows; a rattle-snake lies motionless on a stone; even the coyote that loves to go slinking alone through the sagebrush, has hidden himself somewhere and sleeps. Up above there is only the unwearied wheeling of an eagle, from side to side turning and turning in endless wide circles around the sun. The desert below him seems burning: ashen-yellow, red-yellow, faint blue and rose brown. Not a cloud flake breaks with its shadow the great space of sky and of earth. Only the river glides on ever fretting with its shallow brown waters the dearth. Silence—the silence of noonday: not a whisper, not even a breath. The desert stands wide, free and open, and the sky is a blue ring of death.

To the south the great floor opens wider till it seems to crumble away under the blaze of day into fantastic island-masses, miraged peaks hanging in mid-air. To the north it closes up again, range on range of mountains staining with faint blue the horizon. Between these two the desert rests, without a break, without a path, without a track. Up the crannies of the westward canyons are tiny mud-baked houses, standing on cracked shelves of yellow stone. These are empty and deserted and their inhabitants are gone. Down to the south, the Spaniard came riding centuries ago, with his pikemen, mules, and musketeers, seeking Eldorado. Mission bells toll over the desert, lofty pueblos lift old chants for rain. Northward, French and British traders cease their fighting, exchange beads for furs again. Spaniards, Frenchmen, British, Indians, each have been seeking Eldorado in their own way. Yet to this day the desert lies empty, a spot as lonely as when it was created, roamed over only by the buffalo and antelope. Now and then a little troupe

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of Paiute Indians, mounted on lean ponies, lope through it, and an arrow or two brings down some old bull after a hard chase. Yet the path to Eldorado lies through this very place.

It is afternoon and a small herd of buffaloes have come down to the shallows to drink. The bulls stop about the brink to wallow in the mud, the cows nose among the stones for grass, the young calves are suckling from their mothers. Suddenly the eldest bull stops and looks up arrested by a strange sight. Over the desert, heading straight westward in a line like an arrow-flight, something is rolling slowly like an enormous snake, clouds of gray alkali dust rising and trailing in its wake. It dips and rises, dips and rises again, following the hummocks and hollows of the enormous plain. The old bulls stupidly pause to look at it, the cows are still browsing, nearer and nearer it comes with the sound of groaning axles, wheels rattling, a fiddle scraping "Good bye Pike County," pans rattling and whips cracking—till a human eye could descry what it is: a caravan of ox-drawn prairie schooners covered with pale yellow canvas, going towards the setting sun. Suddenly a group of agile riders detach themselves from the mass. They have sighted the buffalo. Before the herd can pass the stream, or the grazing cows be brought together, the leather-jacketed hunters are among them; shooting so close to the plunging brutes, that the blaze of the powder scorches the hide and burns the hair. Half an hour later, the oxen toil up and the wagons are drawn together in a great circle near to the banks of the stream. Fires of greasewood are lighted, the coffee pot sizzles, the fresh meat splutters, raw-boned loose-jointed men discuss the events of the day, gingham-aproned sunbonneted women are running about, children play under the canopy. . . . Slowly the sun sinks westward over the desert, spilling his glory as he goes, touching the eastward peaks to vermillion, sapphire, violet and rose. Stars hang in the sky like blinding facetted diamonds, night falls on the encampment, there is rough merrymaking. Over the face of the desert slither the coyotes, attracted by the smell of fresh meat, and they gather together before morning, saluting the wagons with yappings endlessly repeated from all sides of the horizon. The stars pale and fade: the camp fires burn bright in the dawning, men with matted hair walk about yawning. Horses are caught and saddled, tethered cattle assemble, wagons roll off with a jolt and an oath across the ford, they rumble away going westward again and are swallowed up in silence. From aloft drop a troop of wheeling gray vultures scenting the carrion. Over the slopes of the Rockies pours the blue dawn.

To the east rise the blue tips of the Rockies; to the west, fantastic orange-flecked tablelands. Between them, in bands on bands, mile after mile, go the pioneers, seeking their fortunes or a grave. As yet the trail they follow is only a narrow track in the dust, down which goes bumping and thundering in a heavy coach drawn by six bay horses, the government mail. For now there is another state yonder, far behind those great tablelands and the white peaks to which they rise, a state set on the shores of another ocean where the east faces the west, where the worst mingles with the best, where men spend sackfuls of gold dust for a letter, and fight each other with knives over a handful of flour. The dream of Eldorado has come true, at last, and the Spaniard's hope, the Englishman's achievement sink into the past. Yet this news does not run very far here in the desert. The antelopes still browse where they choose, the buffalo still disputes the right of way with every stage driver. The Paiutes and Navahoes that pass on their ponies have a few more rifles, that is all. Here and there, beside the trail, there are the bones of dead horses and cattle, the skeleton framework of overturned wagons, or a pile of stones six by three to mark that human burial is as cheap as fortune and fame. For the rest the face of the desert is precisely the same.

Then one day come the cattle, driven out from their ranges in Texas to seek the fresh grass of Wyoming pastures. They roll out of the south in strings of a thousand, deep red or smoky black beasts, broadhorned steers tossing their muzzles and pawing, cows lowing, calves bawling; bronze-faced horsemen in chaparejos, riding around them, whooping and calling and whirling their lariats. At the ford, there is tumult and commotion, many get sucked into the quicksands impelled by others, and there are oaths and yells. Finally the scene is quieted. The cattle have gone, and the desert, a little trampled on, quickly resumes its old aspect. Here and there a buzzard or a watchful Indian is feeding: that is all.

So fall and winter pass and in the spring a surveying party carefully go over the road. Long bands of shining steel begin to be laid out from east to west, till at last they meet on the desert's breast. The smoky trains thunder from Manhattan to Wagon Wheel Gap, from the crossings of the Platte to the Great Divide, from the Sierras to the Golden Gate. One force alone remains to challenge fate, that iron monster that sweeps across a continent devouring time in his stride. The great buffalo herd, worried upon its flanks moves southward in autumn in serried ranks across the desert. In the very eye of the arrested trains they pass,

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slowly, and with deliberation all day. In that packed mass of shaggy magnificence are twenty thousand heads, mere remnant of the innumerable herds that once roamed every prairie west of the Mississippi. Now they go slowly, snorting in anger at the shrieking black locomotive that dares not cut through their living wall of flesh. Till they are gone, progress is caught up in the mesh of the desert and the mails are delayed. But the narrow double band of steel rails is untroubled, and it bides its time knowing that soon again train after train will go thundering across the plain, binding the two halves of the continent together, west waiting on east and east creating the west, shuttle on shuttle passing over the desert's gray breast.

Bands of hunters converge on a spot beyond the Rockies a few years later for a great killing. The last remnant of the buffalo herd is slaughtered and the bitter water of the salt-licks dyed red. The sun hangs dizzily over a blue peak to westward till the last of the shaggy bulls, shaking his head, and pawing the ground in agony, is gone. Then it sinks in a vast splendor of ebbing flame over the desert which, from this time on, is lifeless. So day after day goes by, peering over the peaks to eastward and dying away into the gray waste in silence. Then suddenly one morning the sagebrush is filled with the warning gallop of ponies and hundreds of naked copper-brown bodies, smeared with red and black paint, flash past. The Sioux have broken loose at last, and are sweeping eastward from their reservation upon the outposts of civilization. A little troupe of cavalry, hastily summoned, is surrounded; the troopers shoot down their horses, and lying behind improvised breastworks, keep firing in an irregular circle, around which go careering and yelling, clinging low to their ponies' necks and shooting arrows as they gallop, the Redskins. At last, by night, the ammunition of the whites is exhausted; and Sitting Bull, the chief who led his tribesmen to the war, can draw forth his enemy's smoking heart and gaze upon it where it lies in his hand. But soon more bands of cavalry arrive, rushed up by trains, and once again the unequal contest is joined, white man against red, science against savagery. The Indians are driven back, the wolf, the bear, the elk, disappear in their last fastnesses, ranches are laid out in the desert, and the ring of civilization closes in. Passing, forever passing is the west! Passing is the wild free life of the desert —the open air, the chapparall, the boundless waste, the blue sky over all! Passing, departing, vanishing, not to be sung, not to be remembered, not to be known. The last great stretch of sunlight, of loneliness, of silence, is forever gone.

To the east rise the blue tips of the Rockies, to the west enormous orange-flecked tablelands. Between them rolls the river as of old, but a man's hand might almost span it. All of its water but a trickle flows in irrigation ditches, past patches of intense blue-green alfalfa. The fields are divided from each other by wind-breaks of tall poplars, and in between them rise glittering windmills, white-painted houses and red barns. Automobiles roll past on smooth level roads, and on summer porticoes people sit fanning themselves, sipping ice-water, dipping into cheap magazines, discussing fruit crops and the victory of prohibition. The sun sinks slowly over an orange-colored mesa to westward and through the thin, lightly quivering air rises the blue smoke from the houses.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Lincoln and the Political Prisoners

SIR: May I call your attention to the editorial appearing in the Illinois State Register (leading newspaper in central Illinois) under date of June 3rd, especially to the Lincoln quotation regarding clemency to political prisoners. To win the war required team work on a grand scale. To secure team work we sacrificed a large measure of our cherished individual liberty. The end justified the means. Those who interfered or grumbled were locked up without much argument. Doubts were resolved in favor of the government. It was a time of stress. People were not quite normal. As a nation we were in an atmosphere of suspicion and fear, aptly called war hysteria. The spirit of the witch burners was abroad in the land. Courts and juries being human were submerged in this environment along with the rest of us. Sentences of five, ten, fifteen and twenty years were imposed for political offences, against persons who were otherwise orderly, industrious, and valuable citizens.

The war is over. So far very little attention has apparently been given to these victims of the great war chariot. Are cruelty and indifference one of the natural characteristics of democracy? Would not the dictates of justice, of humanity, and of common sense, and even the best interests of our established form of government suggest that it is time to give this matter attention?

Springfield, Illinois. NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY.

[The Lincoln quotation referred to in this letter is from The Life of Lincoln, by Herndon and Weik (P. 526) viz:

"The hour had arrived to close the door against all further callers. No one was left in the room now except the President, the two ladies and me. With a rather peevish and fretful air he turned to them and said: 'Well, ladies, what can I do for you?' They both commenced to speak at once. From what they said he soon learned that one was the wife and the other the mother of two men imprisoned for resisting the draft in western Pennslyvania. 'Stop,' said he, 'don't say any more. Give me your petition.' The old lady responded: 'Mr. Lincoln, we've got no petition; we couldn't write one and had no money tc pay for writing one, and I thought best to come and see you.' 'Oh,' said he, 'I understand your case.' He rang

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his bell and ordered one of the messengers to tell General Dana to bring him the names of all the men in prison for resisting the draft in western Pennsylvania. The General soon came with the list. He inquired if there was any difference in the charges or degrees of guilt. The General replied that he knew of none. 'Well, then, said he, 'these fellows have suffered long enough, and I have thought so for some time, and now that my mind is on the subject I believe I will turn out the whole flock. So, draw up the order, General, and I will sign it.' It was done and the General left the room."

"Turning to the women, Lincoln said: 'Now, ladies, you can go.' The younger of the two ran forward and was in the act of kneeling in thankfulness. 'Get up,' he said, 'don't kneel to me, but thank God and go.' The old lady came forward with tears in her eyes to express her gratitude. 'Good-bye, Mr. Lincoln,' said she; 'I shall probabaly never see you again till we meet in heaven.' These were her exact words. She held the President's hand in hers, and he was deeply moved. He instantly took her right hand in both of his and, following her to the door, said: 'I am afraid with all my troubles I shall never get to the resting-place you speak of; but if I do I am sure I shall find you. That you wish me to get there is, I believe, the best wish you could make for me. Good-bye.'

"We were alone. I said to him: 'Lincoln, with my knowledge of your nervous sensibility, it is a wonder that such scenes as this don't kill you.' He answered in a languid voice: '. . . things of the sort you have just seen don't hurt me, for, to tell you the truth, this scene is the only thing today that has made me forget my condition or given me any pleasure. I have, in that order, made two people happy and alleviated the distress of many a poor soul whom I never expect to see. That old lady,' he continued, 'was no counterfeit. The mother spoke out in all the features of her face. It is more than one can often say that in doing right one has made two people happy in one day. Speed, die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow.' "]

The Lesser of Two Evils

SIR: I am even more opposed than the New Republic to taxes which increase the cost of living.

But I also believe that both the income tax on corporations and the excess profits tax should be abolished even though the aggregate yield from taxes on corporations, and the income tax on individuals be maintained.

The income tax on corporations (not the excess profits tax) is to a very considerable extent added to the cost of living because every corporation figures to make a normal profit. If this tax is retained, corporations will to a constantly increasing extent include it in their costs. Dividends received by individuals are not now subject to the normal income tax on the theory that the normal tax has been paid by the corporation. If the income tax on the corporation is abolished, dividends should be taxable to the individual. This would have the added advantage of making it possible to combine the present normal income and surtaxes in a single schedule and simplify the individual return.

The yield of the individual income tax could also be increased if levied on the combined income of husband and wife. At present the total tax paid by a man and wife each of whom has an income of $50,000 is distinctly less than it would be if the husband had an income of $100,000, and the wife no income of her own. Many a man of wealth has undoubtedly transferred property to his wife as a means of reducing the total family income tax.

It has also been suggested that the income from liberty bonds and other tax exempt securities be taken off at the bottom instead of the top of the schedule. Because an individual has elected to make a portion of his income tax exempt through investment in such securities is no reason for taxing him at a lower rate on the balance of his income.

The objections to the excess profits tax are three, (1) its complexity; (2) that it taxes the small investor in the same proportion as the multi-millionaire; (3) that it encourages extravagance. The only substitute corporation tax is a tax on undistributed profits, meaning thereby the total income not distributed in *cash* dividends. Such tax might be at a flat rate, or preferably at a graduated rate as recommended by the taxation committee of the National Credit Men's Association. The second and third objections to the excess profits tax would apply to this substitute but to a lesser degree. A distinctly larger portion of the profits than now would be paid out as dividends and subjected to the graduated individual income tax instead of being taxed to the corporation. The tendency to extravagance by the corporation would also be less as additional earnings might mean an increased dividend, whereas now the feeling is "Why not spend the money; the government will pay half the bill anyhow."

The great advantage of the tax on undistributed earnings is its simplicity. The inherent difficulty in the excess profits tax is the determination of the invested capital. We cannot have a tax on excess profits without determining the invested capital and we cannot determine the invested capital without a careful and laborious analysis of the financial history of the corporation and its predecessors and components. No amount of care and intelligence on the part of the Internal Revenue Department in framing regulations can avoid the expenditure of a large amount of work on the part of the taxpayer, and the raising of many questions on which experts and laymen alike disagree. A tax on undistributed profits on the other hand would involve only the determination of the income for the current year, a matter of much less difficulty. I believe it is a reasonable estimate that the government inspectors spend 90 per cent of their time checking the invested capital and only 10 per cent of their time checking the corporate income. At present the government is checking the tax returns of several years ago. No one denies the propriety of the government checking returns, but it is only fair to ask that this checking be done soon after the return is filed. To have to go into ancient history after details have been forgotten, documents perhaps mislaid or misfiled, and personnel changed is a real hardship. As it is, the government cannot get enough competent inspectors to get up to date. If the excess profits tax were eliminated, the same corps of inspectors could check many more returns to the great advantage of both the government and the taxpayer. No one, not even an editor of the New Republic, who has not made out an Excess Profits Tax Return for a complex corporation can begin to appreciate the amount of energy going into this form of non-productive labor.

I freely admit that there are objections to a tax on undistributed profits and to any tax on corporations, but I do believe that it is a decidedly lesser evil than the tax on excess profits.

CHARLES H. PORTER.

Boston, Massachusetts.

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Books and Things

LATE in the eighteen-nineties, when we were old enough to read new novels written in English, and young enough to get excited about them, the publication of a book by Thomas Hardy or George Meredith was an event of importance in our lives. Aware that some newer planet might at any moment swim into our ken, we were aware also that of such the coming couldn't be foretold. A new Meredith or a new Hardy, while it might not turn out a thing to thank God for, was at the very least an event to look forward to in the hope of being forced to thank God. Luckily, for some of us, susceptibility to this kind of thrill did not go when youth waned. During the years that began with The Awkward Age and ended with The Golden Bowl we recognized in Henry James a master endowed with a like power to play upon us, his expectant instruments. The Old Wives' Tale and Clayhanger put me into a similar frame of mind about the unpublished novels of Arnold Bennett, but Mr. Bennett wouldn't let me stay in that frame. Clayhanger is ten years old: the number of Mr. Bennett's masterpieces is still two. A large number.

At this moment I hear an objection, a voice that tells me I am growing too old to feel what I once felt, too old to be excited over the publication of any new novel. And I can only admit, as every middle-aged man who is in any degree a self-observer must admit, that my mind does show symptoms of an increasing inhospitality to most new art. It is a mind, I devoutly hope, not yet so tight shut as Mr. Paul Shorey's, but compared with Mr. Paul Rosenfeld's it is shut, locked, bolted, chained, nailed up. The latest Schnitzlers—Fink and Fliederbusch, Doktor Gräsler, Casanovas Heimfahrt, Die Schwestern—give me no such thrill as I once got from Lieutenant Gustl or Der einsame Weg. Only, being not only as modest but also as obstinate as most men of my age, I insist that to every rule, even to the one which rules me out, exceptions exist, that in my case a leading exception is the excitement with which I hear that a new Joseph Conrad is coming, is here, and the greediness with which I tear off the wrappings and fall to.

The fittest criticism of the newest Conrad, The Rescue, (Doubleday, Page & Company) would be a song of thanksgiving for the privilege of being alive while Mr. Conrad is alive. But reviewers don't deal in songs of thanksgiving. We leave such things to the publishers, who do them so well. I know, however, one reviewer who would on this occasion lift his voice in song if he could. But he can't. All he can do is to state a few facts. Such as these: The hero of The Rescue is Captain Lingard, younger than he was in Almayer's Folly or An Outcast of the Islands. The action takes place in the same part of the world. The Rescue is a greater book than either of those early ones, not confusing like An Outcast of the Islands, in which I for one could never understand the intrigues and rivalries of the natives. The Rescue is all clearness. Here and there it sounds as if Mr. Conrad had begun it years ago—adjectives follow their noun, after his earlier fashion, as if the writer preferred the French to the English order, rather awkwardly. But the central greatness of the new book—the relation of Lingard to Edith Travers, of Edith Travers to Lingard—is one of the finest things that even Mr. Conrad, in our day the greatest imaginer of human relations, has ever conceived and perfected and made us believe in. The Rescue turns toward us no new side of Mr. Conrad's genius. We don't say, as we said after reading The Secret Agent or The Arrow of Gold, that we had no idea he could write a book of that kind. The Rescue is a book of the kind Mr. Conrad has proved again and again that only he can write.

Captain Lingard's brig *Lightning* is almost becalmed between Carimata and Suroeton. Just before sunset he tells Mr. Shaw to have a look round. Shaw examines the sea through a long glass: "Nothing in sight, sir." The Englishmen go below, leaving the deck to the Malays:

> For a good while there was no sound on the poop of the brig. Then the seacannie at the wheel spoke dreamily:
>
> "Did the *malim* say there was no one on the sea?"
>
> "Yes," grunted the *serang* without looking at the man behind him.
>
> "Between the islands there was a boat," pronounced the man very softly.

Read this in its context and you will agree that the passage ranks with the most disquieting, most ominous of Mr. Conrad's shadow-castings. But for that boat between the islands Lingard would not have met Edith Travers, he would not have lost his fortune, all his planning and the labor of years might not have been in vain. As ominous, as significant, is Jörgenson's remark when he learns that the watch he has been looking for has stopped: "It doesn't matter. I don't want to know the time. . . . I haven't yet forgotten how to count seconds correctly, but it's better to have a watch." By giving a deeper uneasiness to our attention these words prepare us for the catastrophe.

All imaginative fiction, people say, tends to conform either to the biography-type or the crisis-type. The biography-type tells us that character reveals itself oftenest in idiosyncracy and in habits. The crisis-type tells that a man's choices, his decisions, are his very self of very self, his heart's heart. Mr. Conrad did not invent either storms at sea or quarrels among the natives of the Malay archipelago, but with the help of these things he has invented the prolonged crisis, acute enough to show us the stuff men are made of when their backs are against the wall, prolonged enough to bring us acquainted with their minuter idiosyncracies. To show us character, to show us two characters in relation—it is for this that he remembers all his storms. With the same end in view he weaves his narrative out of yesterday, today and the day before yesterday. His jumps from one time to another time, from one narrator to another, are often disconcerting if we forget that his purpose is always to deepen our knowledge of character, or of relation, by approaching it from then, from now, from here, from there. Sometimes his jumps are disconcerting even when we haven't forgotten their purpose. But with what a tighter intensity, when his method is successful, he compels us to watch the pressure of his crises, a pressure under which something new and strange and credible in human relations comes into being, is tried and tested and wrought and hammered and made perfect in strength.

Courage never to submit or yield—into those who have this courage and those who lack it we may divide, most roughly, the protagonists in Mr. Conrad's world. But the division is unjust to the variety of his insights. He admires fortitude, but not fortitude without wisdom, and he has little love of wisdom and fortitude without gentleness. The men and women who cannot stand the nerve-shattering tests he subjects them to have always his understanding sympathy. To his bravest men he gives no easy victories. In The Rescue he gives Captain Lingrad, in exchange for all his frustrated hopes, the remembrance that for a few days he had a friend whom he loved, a woman he could trust and who trusted him. It is a fair exchange.

P. L.

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Why There Is No Peace

The New Germany, by George Young. London: Constable.

ONLY the most romantic optimist dreams that the settlement effected at Versailles can last. The best that a reasonable man can hope for is that through a succession of diplomatic and political crises, involving nothing more grave than the fall of governments, financial bankruptcies, general strikes and minor revolutions a new social and international equilibrium may be established. The risk of another continental war, or of a revolution to complete the disintegration of European society, is something that can not be left out of account in any serious calculation of the possibilities of the next decade. Was this inevitable, in any event, or was it the consequence of bungling diplomacy in the vitiated atmosphere of Paris? One may gain a clearer view of what diplomacy could have done, but failed to do, from George Young's essay on Germany in the period between the armistice and the signing of the peace. It is an expert view Young presents. He has had long experience with the workings of diplomacy in many capitals from Washington to Constantinople, and in an earlier work, Nationalism and War in the Balkans, has given evidence of extraordinary insight into the activities of diplomats in realizing the aspirations of the peoples, or more often, in thwarting them in obedience to an artificial and dehumanized caste code.

The real, democratic object of Allied war making was to check German military aggression, and, in the event of complete victory, to destroy the Prussian spirit of aggression altogether, so that Europe might live in peace. Merely a beaten Germany signified little. What was imperatively required was a beaten and regenerate Germany —a Germany with a "change of heart." Of course change of national heart is a mere figure of rhetoric. National defeat could not actually change the character of the Ludendorffs, who are destined to die militarists, nor could it change the character of the Independent Socialists, who had opposed the war from the start and who saw in defeat just retribution. But the mass of Germans, as the mass of every other people, might be counted on to take the color of their convictions from the politically dominant element. The problem of victory was to wrest political dominance from the militarists and to vest it in those parties which abominate war. The breakdown of German arms had administered an all but mortal wound to the parties bound up with the Emperor and the Great General Staff. The soil had been plowed in preparation for new political growths. All that was required was judicious husbandry to make them thrive.

But that was a problem for democratic diplomacy, not for the conventional diplomacy of the foreign offices, for which war is an instrument like any other, to be put away in the arsenal, from time to time, but never really to be scrapped. And democratic instincts in the Allied countries were, until long after the time of the armistice, quite completely benumbed by the effects of propaganda and war spirit. For the uses of war it was necessary to paint all Germans coal black. The official war propaganda could not distinguish between good German and bad; it could hardly even admit of the distinctions bad, worse, worst. That might have weakened the sense of morality in killing Germans in general, as war required. Six months after the signing of the armistice Young, returning to England, found himself in the position of an explorer returning from a new world. The English public simply knew nothing about Central Europe. "And our press cartoonists and propaganda caricaturists have filled the blank spaces of our mental maps with fancy pictures of monsters whom they label Boches and Bolsheviks, Huns and Spartacists," just as the old cartographers filled their blank spaces with unicorns and behemoths, headless men and speaking beasts. How could the average British or American citizen know that with the armistice the arena of the war for democracy had shifted to German internal politics, and that while international arms were grounded, within Germany the friends of peace were struggling desperately for the mastery against those who wished to reconstitute the old order and prepare for the next war? The average citizen had been drugged by propaganda. He could not awaken to the necessity of helping his friends and fighting his enemies. He left it to the diplomats, who, by their very choice of a meeting ground, Versailles, the home of intrigue, gave a guarantee that nothing would be done to satisfy the ultimate needs of democracy.

The German revolution proceeded swiftly to its full tide in the early months of the armistice. What was the spirit of that revolution? It was democratic and international, not in the Russian, but in the western sense of the terms. It was what the peoples would have wanted if they had been awake to their interests. It was not what the diplomats wanted, partly because they did not understand it, partly because they did not want a too-regenerate Germany before the spoils had been assigned. The peace makers threw their influence against a revolution that would have extirpated militarism. Their action was decisive, since the blockade gave them unlimited power over life and death. They chose instead to back a German liberalism that might help them administer the receivership which they contemplated over German economic life.

But in Germany liberalism has never been potent politically, "German liberalism always has failed Germany, and to this may be attributed the periodic catastrophes of Germany and the calamities they have brought upon Europe." If the liberals of 1848 "had been a bit tougher and had fought their own fight out a half century ago they would have saved Europe and Germany the last five years. And the process is repeating itself. Weimar has failed, so far, more miserably than did Frankfurt a half century ago. The failure of Frankfurt was the failure of political experience—that of Weimar has been the failure of political impotence. . . . Frankfurt failed because its Liberalism was too young. Weimar is failing because its liberalism is too old."

Weimar liberalism produced at all events a constitution which on paper is more liberal than that of any other great nation. But what a constitution shall be, in reality, depends on the living political forces underneath. If the victorious Allies had wished a liberal German constitution to work, their obvious course was to strengthen liberalism to the utmost. Instead, they proceeded to impose upon Germany terms of peace making the problem of government insoluble. The Allies called German liberalism into power only to discredit it utterly.

"This policy made it almost impossible for a German to hold any middle ground between extreme nationalism and extreme internationalism." So Young wrote, immediately after the terms of peace were made public. How sound his analysis was may now be tested by the event. What the recent German elections show is a formidable drift, on the one hand toward the extreme Left, on the

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other, toward the extreme Right. Instead of two great parties, each sufficiently moderate so that the alternation of political power could be accomplished without crises —the essential condition of a liberal regime—German political life is drawing toward the extremes—an extreme of nationalism that presages war, an extreme of internationalism that presages revolution. And that is the contribution to the future made by the diplomats who assembled at Versailles to lay the foundations of an enduring peace.

A. J.

The Sickness of an Acquisitive Society

The Sickness of an Acquisitive Society, by R. H. Tawney. London: George Allen and Unwin.

THIS little book is destined, we believe, to be regarded as a classic masterpiece upon its subject. That subject is the principles of property in relation to production, and the social maladies that have resulted from neglecting these principles: also the causes of changing opinion in Britain regarding them in recent centuries and the organization by which they can be most effectively put in practice. The treatment is at once profound and brilliant; brilliant because it gives powerful and worthy expression to profound thought. True, much of this thought may be described as not original; the author seems bent upon accuracy, not originality; but the complete logical grasp and coordination, together with much of the analysis and application, is unfortunately original; that is, we have not had the advantage of it before. Scattered and floating suggestions that were already with us are caught up into a single insight and this insight produces fresh suggestions of importance.

Property, of course (to speak of the ethical elements of the subject) is not an objective fact. The things owned are objective, the owning is not. There is no intrinsic difference discoverable in a table or a chair because it is yours or mine or because it is derelict, unowned by anyone. The difference is not in the object; it lies in our behavior toward the object. The right of property in the chair is the liberty to do what one likes with it, a liberty reserved by society to the person called owner and denied to others. The right of property is thus a mode of human behavior. All rights are dependent on duties. Your right is the sphere of liberty of action in which it is my duty to leave you undisturbed. Rights will depend upon what our duties are, what spheres of free action it really is our duty to accord to others. This question is settled by one consideration alone, the greatest welfare of all or of as many as possible. True rights are not the creation of law, but they are the creation of duty. They are those spheres of liberty which it is our duty to accord to others because, when accorded, they make for the general welfare.

It is here that Mr. Tawney takes up the subject. The right of property is today commonly assumed to be an absolute right. Lord Hugh Cecil, for instance, seems to argue that although unqualified private property in land used for preserving game works to the injury of society, yet the British government must not in any wise interfere with it, because that would be theft and theft is wicked. That is, the right exists for its own sake, so to speak, and not for any social purpose whatever. The community should continue to guard it even for those who perform no social functions, whose lives are idle, who turn their property to no use. But the real question is: What is it most helpful to society to constitute private property and to what extent should it be so constituted? At once it is evident that property unconnected with social function has no moral reason to be. The deepest need is to accustom all to think in terms of social purpose, to shape every institution to that purpose, and above all to shape thereto the ideals and standards of individual life. At present these ideals and standards are bound up with the notion of absolute or irresponsible private property, which notion becomes a source of perversion to our whole morality. The aim of individuals, broadly speaking, is to acquire such property and enjoy it. Men are esteemed successful, become objects of respect and deference, because they have acquired or possess it in abundance, irrespective of their social service. Society has an opportunity to accord honor in a manner to forward its own requirements, but does not do so. We honor men for what they receive rather than for what they give, and they do not receive according to what they give. By its organization and customary estimates our society is thus "acquisitive" when it should be "functional."

All these are highly general propositions and are in danger of misrepresenting the book, which arises out of the concrete and clings to it throughout, abounding in fine detail-work. The author's service in connection with the so-called Sankey Commission on coal mines, and his varied work on the present industrial conditions and economic history of Britain stand him in good stead. His thought as to the organization of industry he connects with the proposals of a report on the building-trade, issued last August by a committee of employers and workmen—a body of practical men who care nothing for theories and whose subject was Scientific Management and the Reduction of Costs.

"We believe," they write, "that the great task of our Industrial Council is to develop an entirely new system of control by the members of the industry itself—the actual producers, whether by hand or brain,—and to bring them into cooperation with the state as the central representative of the community whom they are organized to serve." Mr. Tawney's position is that it is not revolutionary agitation, but the development of the industrial situation itself which must compel readjustment. For one factor, the psychological state of the laborers is irrevocably changed.

We cannot here speak fully of his proposals. The community shall resume the ownership of minerals and of urban land, also of such special cases of capital as mines and railways, where private ownership is shown to have been "responsible for intolerable waste." "But there are some industries, at any rate, in which nationalization is not necessary . . . and since it is at best a cumbrous process, when other methods are possible, other methods should be used. Nationalization is a means to an end, not an end in itself." In general, "the ownership of capital involves . . . three main claims; the right to interest as the price of capital, the right to profits, and the right to control, in virtue of which managers and workmen are the servants of shareholders," who are apt to perform no productive functions whatever. The first right should remain, the last two be taken away. The right to control should go to the actual producers themselves, the right to profits should go to "whatever organ may act on behalf of the general community." Capital should not "employ labor"; tools do not employ the workman. It should be hired for

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an industry at the lowest interest for which it can be obtained, but its owners "should no more control production than a man who lets a house controls the meals which should be cooked in the kitchen, or the man who lets a boat the speed at which the rowers shall pull." Each type of industry should control itself by organized cooperation of all its workers, manual and mental, subject to the supervision and criticism of the consumers. There must be machinery created through which the latter can express their wishes and criticise the way in which they are met, as at present they normally cannot. The producers must thus "stand in a direct relation to the community for whom their production is carried on, so that their responsibility may be obvious and unmistakable, not lost as at present through their immediate subordination to shareholders whose interest is not service but gain." The industry must come to recognize its actual place in the social order. "The obligation for the maintenance of the service must rest upon the professional organization of those who perform it." The change must be effected gradually; by "legislation through which the rights of ownership in an industry are bought out simultaneously," etc.

Justice cannot here be done to Mr. Tawney's conceptions either by way of exposition or of criticism. It falls to the reviewer to note a curiously inaccurate quotation from Faust, including a false gender. The problem of organization is quite as baffling as that of ownership. He has not met the objection, he has indeed taken no steps to meet it, that democratic management of an industry does not promise the free initiative that occasionally appears in a brilliant form under private control at the will of the majority-stockholder. He once uses the ominous word "professionalism" to describe the proper spirit of an industry. The war gave illustration in a more appalling form than usual of the inability of committeedom to go straight to the point and keep thereto, and of its inaccessibility to novel appeals to common sense, which is "the power to see the obvious." Nor will "supervision by the consumer" fully meet the difficulty. The author's own emphasis on purpose, on means to ends, must enter into education and be there extended in a radical manner, now undreamed of, to the conduct of work and life, before a happy practical project can count on acceptance at the council-board. This is quite consonant with his belief in the primacy of education. At present, moreover, the divided responsibility in a consultative body is a formidable problem for democracy, and demands attention when it is proposed to democratize industry.

Theoretically the author's view is the same upon one side as that of the English Utilitarians. Where he writes "function" they would have written "utility," and the functional view of society is utilitarian. We are fully conscious of the repellent sound that this would carry to Mr. Tawney, owing to the peculiar phase through which, in recent decades, British philosophy has been passing. He himself drops a single criticism on a Utilitarian formula with regard to the general happiness which betrays a complete misconception of it. To be sure, happiness is not a final term, as the Utilitarians held it to be, and calls for analysis and interpretation. But the elaborate and ingenious criticism of the term on which British ethical thought has lavished so much attention, though of some interest to psychology, has not advanced the theory of morals, and has sprung in part from a weakness in that purposive grasp of life which this author so ably represents.

DICKINSON S. MILLER.

Covered Roads

Two roads diverged in a wood and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

THE Public—any Public—likes to take its rare poetic outings on roads made smooth by feet; with a purling stream near by, and perhaps a lark or two, or at any rate a cuckoo singing overhead. But, incubated in cities, it cannot be lured very far from the jocund lights unless to follow some spectacular flight.

And when Robert Frost elected to leave the familiar highway, he had to fare alone. His less traveled road led to no poetical Coney Island of pyrotechnics and scenic surprises. It meandered over snowed-in countrysides and stopped at lonely farmhouses, where life, cornered and whimpering to itself, glanced piteously from side to side. And what filling for craving souls, coming out for sustenance as some fishes come up for air, this portrayal of other souls crazed with the self-same emptiness and boredom?

Besides, he spoke in a country that as far as poetry, any poetry, was concerned, was a vast theatre without an audience. At that time there were no poetry magazines or other radical publications self-sure enough to open their pages to an unknown artist expressing himself in an unusual manner. We were not in the art sense past the crawling age. We had to learn to walk holding on to English chairs. And for twenty years—until he received recognition in England—Frost had to beat in vain at the doors of the old and snugly intrenched magazines.

Frost's technique is not proclamatory. Like himself it seems to remain in the background. It is with a faint surprise one realizes he works mostly in regular rhythms. His time is slow, and the lines move haltingly, as feet advance over difficult and stony ground. His style is simple to spareness, and he seldom uses words of more than three syllables. There is almost no color in his work and no bejewelled phrases. But his roots go deep in his rocky New England ground—too deep, one feels, ever to be transplanted and flourish in a different soil. How, for instance, imagine Frost wandering off to Taihiti and writing of palm trees and amber bodies sprawling on honey-yellow beaches.

His book, North of Boston, suggests a forest of leafless trees lightly silvered with snow. The still whiteness of snow pervades all his work—snow and a coldly blueish light and low-pressing clouds covering up the stars. For there are no stars in his skies, and no sense of liberation in his snow-bound spaces.

Frost does not surround multitudes as Whitman does, or extend himself over prairies and horizons like Sandburg. But he sees more deeply into the gray levels of the spirit than either of them. Just as he is infinitely more lonely than either. His spirit seems to sit in isolation surrounded by a silence. And I suppose it is only in such a silence and such an isolation the artist can receive those remote vibrations of life that are not convulsions or even outcries, but just painful twitchings of the sick spirit flung in upon itself.

Horizons are for others. Frost sees most clearly and surely the things and people that are near at hand. He usually concentrates on one or two humans, isolated from the life of communities, and stripped of those artificial defenses the commonplace borrow from each other.

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His men and women are not city children out of place in a strange environment. (Your true city child is generally a solitary.) They are simple resourceless souls, needing the pleasant stimuli of church sociables, and all the assiduous trifling of small towns—souls like empty basins, set down where there is nothing to fill them but a blank inrushing silence. And it is a strange nature that glowers out of these poems—one the poets have not told us much about—a nature ever present, even intrusive; less a background than a hostile and surrounding wall.

Again and again Frost makes us feel this tragedy of solitude to the soul too small to absorb and surround it. His futile men and women beat frantically against their unutterable loneliness, as against some vast door in which God has turned the key. And inevitably, day by gray day, the silence closes upon them, as the tower walls in the old story closed about their shrinking prisoner.

We feel the shadow of its monstrous approach in the long dreariness of Home Stretch, where the middle-aging couple have bought a farm fifteen miles from the city. The big express men, already oppressed by it and anxious to get back to the lighted streets, are noisily setting down the furniture. The woman is staring out the window at the "little stretch of mowing field" and the woods that "end all." The man questions her with persistent anxiety:

> "And yet you think you like it, dear?"
> "That's what you're so concerned to know! I hope
> I like it. Bang goes something big away
> Off there upstairs. The very tread of men
> As great as those is shattering to the frame
> Of such a little house. Once left alone,
> You and I, dear, will go with softer steps
> Up and down stairs and through the rooms and none
> But sudden winds that snatch them from our hands
> Will ever slam the doors."

I have quoted only a snatch of Home Stretch. It is the kind of poem that should be read in solitude—just as some music should be heard. (I sometimes visualize an opera house of the future, where the listeners shall sit, each curtained off by himself in a little alcove shutting off sight and sound of his fellows.)

The note of menace in nature is sounded poignantly in Hill Wife in his book Mountain Interval. You sense through the medium of the woman's fear some malign presence that becomes for a moment tangible in

> the dark pine that kept
> Forever trying the window-latch
> Of the room where they slept.

—Some inexorable thing pressing ever nearer to the distracted spirit—drawing to itself with a slow suction, as a cat sucks at a child's breath.

In a Servant to Servants, nature is, if not more friendly, at least not hostile. Here the worn-out housewife struggling with inherited madness, and with her mind revolving like a crazy rolling-pin over the doughnuts and soda biscuits, finds it a relief:

> To step outdoors and take the water dazzle
> A sunny morning, or take the rising wind
> About my face and body and through my wrapper
> When a storm threatens from the Dragon's den.

I feel only one passion in Frost—the uncommon passion of pity. And for such a pity, restrained and free from all exuberance and sentimentality, you have to go to the great Russians.

When I speak of pity as "uncommon," I do not mean the pity that is intellectually evoked, or even that which has become an emotional habit. True pity depends less on the capacity to love than on the power to imagine—which explains why it is more often found in the work of men than of women artists. When it exists it is a part of the very fibre and essence of a personality, and gives to a man's art a flavor not to be mistaken. He may conceal it as assiduously as did Chekhov or deny and seek to starve it out of his spirit as did that yogi of the intellect, Nietzsche; but pity like cancer will out. We rarely find any real traces of it in either American or English literature. When it seems to be there it is either social indignation—a sense of outraged justice—or a Dickensonian sentimentality that gives its possessor a sense of religious exaltation. Dickens undoubtedly wept pails of tears over the woes of his characters, but he usually permitted his readers a glimpse of the bright new halo awaiting the suffering one.

Whitman had much pity, but he always identified himself with the victim. Even temporarily as an artist he was unable to detach himself. Life ran through and over him, until as he tells us he himself became "the mashed fireman with the breast-bone broken." And as we read we are shaken with a certain reflected exaltation. But we don't really pity the fireman; we do not even touch his agony first-hand because we have been made too aware of the torn soul of the poet. We realize such things do happen . . . sometimes . . . somewhere . . . a long way off. . . . And we have a vague pleasantly painful feeling that it is after all a beautiful thing to smash your breast-bone in the doing of your daily chores, and die to the slow music of a poet's sympathy.

Duty, towering anaemic and cold, seems somehow to be enriched by such a blood-letting.

But Frost is the comrade always—never the revivalist speaking with authority. One has no sense of emotional exaltation after listening in his "Out, Out—" to the first outcry of the boy over his severed hand—that almost unbearable cry that was "a rueful laugh." And the grim last line.

> And they, since they
> Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.

Frost stands just to one side of life, not above as on a high hill, but simply to one side. In this he resembles Chekhov with whom I think he has some spiritual kinship. Though Chekhov's vision had a greater circumference they both looked in and down rather than out and around. For Frost is ever the inlooker—peering through ragged and dun-colored clothes and dumb pods of flesh, through and through as with a strong lens, down to the last retreat of the spirit.

He always leaves something to speculate about. The final decision is left with the reader, the completion of the circle of thought left open by the artist's will.

And when you read his poems you do not think of Frost the artist, you do not even hear him. You simply overhear those lonely opaque burdened souls as he overheard them. And you become aware, much more clearly than they could ever be themselves, of the exact nature as well as of the magnitude of their pain.

LOLA RIDGE.

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The Explorer, by W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company.

MR. MAUGHAM'S reputation will scarcely be enhanced by the reprinting of this novel. The Explorer does not contain a trace of the driving power and intense conviction of The Moon and Sixpence. It is a good story, told with a certain amount of literary finesse; but the characters are quite conventional and the motivation is extremely commonplace. The author is not inclined to challenge a single accepted rule of human conduct; and the plot develops along well worn grooves.

Descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, the heroine possesses all the traditional British qualities: reserve and poise and dignified calm. The author lays so much stress upon her stoical passivity that he sometimes makes her appear unimaginative and uninteresting, if not absolutely stupid. Lucy Allerton belongs unmistakably to the long line of irreproachable and featureless heroines who constitute such a serious drawback to English fiction. She is always a type, rather than a personality.

And Alexander Mackenzie, the explorer, is not much better. He is the familiar strong, silent man who does things. Almost singlehanded he brings a large stretch of African territory under English rule, to the great moral benefit of the natives involved. We are told with rather tiresome reiteration that he is the kind of man whom no obstacle can daunt. Naturally inept at mathematics, he devotes himself to that subject, to the exclusion of everything else at college, with the result that he carries off first honors. Such a character is calculated to arouse something of the resentment that the Athenian cherished against Aristides, who was always called The Just. And there is something spurious about this "strong man"; he never achieves the warm reality of George Eliot's Adam Bede or Turgeniev's Bazarov. He is not a human being, or even an empire builder; he rather represents the popular conception of what an empire builder should be.

With Lucy and Mackenzie as the leading characters The Explorer is inevitably stodgy. The author tries to lighten it by introducing a good many passages of badinage between an English bachelor and a charming American widow, who become engaged and married to the accompaniment of playful taunts and witticisms and epigrams. Their dialogue is characterized by all the spontaneous cleverness and quick humor of Maugham's comedies. But it cannot raise the Explorer above the rank of a distinctly second rate novel. W. H. C.

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